

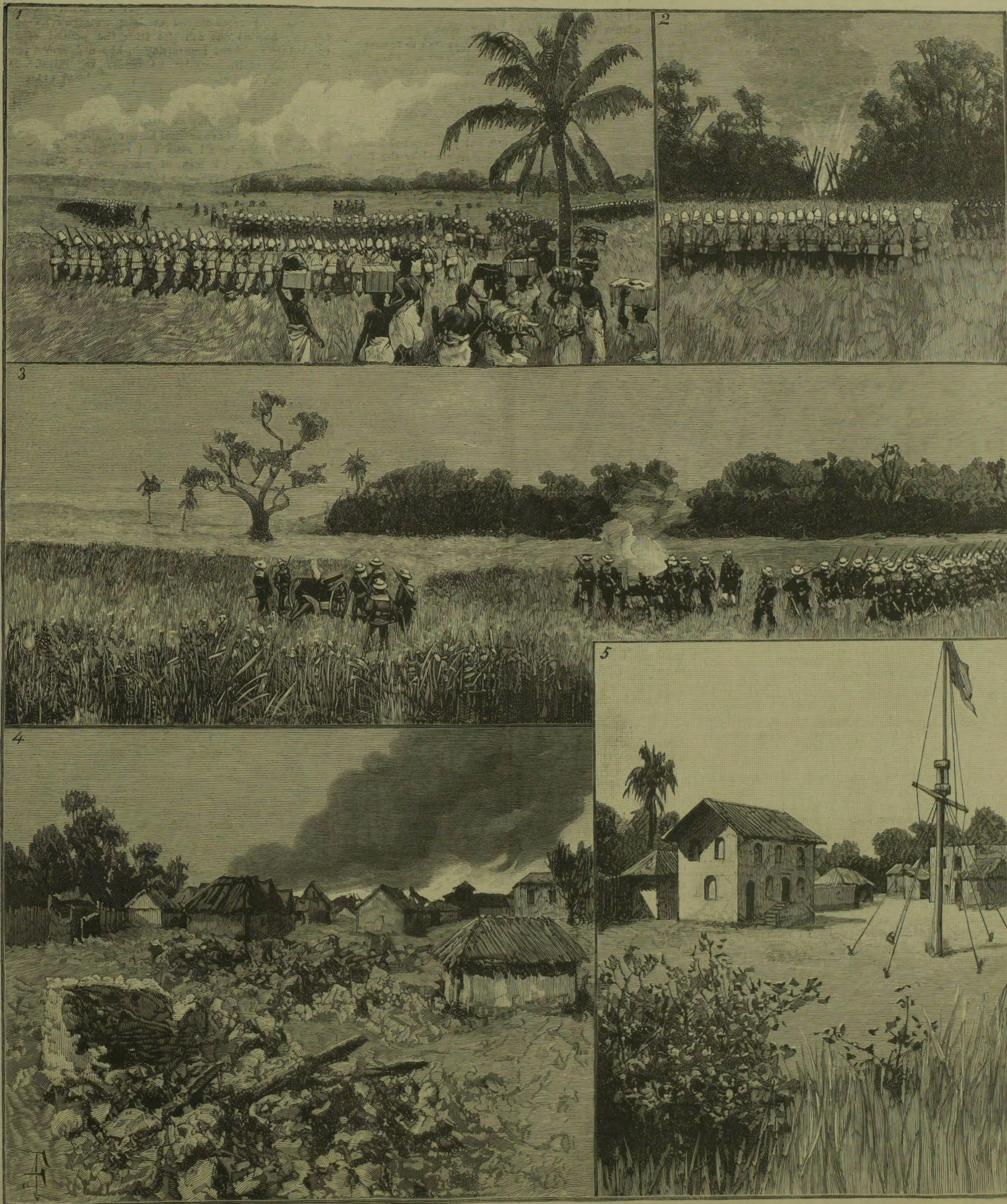
# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1890.

TWO SIXPENCE.  
WHOLE SHEETS } By Post, 6½d.



1. General Attack on Witu.

2. Blowing up the Gate.

3. The Forest around Witu.

4. Burning of Witu.

5. The Sultan's Palace.

THE BRITISH NAVAL EXPEDITION AGAINST WITU, EAST COAST OF AFRICA.



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

It is not generally known why "books which no gentleman's library should be without" are so often not there. All sorts of reasons have been given (by authors) for this fatal omission—that some gentlemen, so called, cannot read; that others prefer any other method of passing the time; and so on. But the simple truth that, in a good many cases, one book is as much as a man can get through in a year has never yet been hit upon. When persons are such slow readers as that, why should they purchase libraries? "What has posterity ever done for them?" &c. It is not really to be expected; yet quite a number of persons devoted to reading have been subjected to libellous animadversion in consequence. I have known all about this for years and years, for I had an ancient relative who read in this manner—a sort of literary tortoise; but until his will was proved (which only happened lately) I have been silent on the matter, from motives of delicacy. When I was a child, I used to watch him reading the same volume, hour after hour, but seldom turning the leaves. When he had finished his studies, these three things invariably happened: he took off his spectacles, blew his nose, and put a marker into the book. This made an impression on me. I thought it was a mechanical performance; that my revered relative was wound up to do it. As I grew older, I became still more curious, but took a juster view of things. I found that the marker was put in a different place every time, but only about three pages forward. I secretly put it back three pages every day, whereupon it always remained in the same place. This was a great boon to the old gentleman, for whereas he would, in the course of nature, have finished the book perhaps in thirteen or fourteen months, it now lasted him much longer, would have held out perhaps to the day of his death, had I not been sent to school, when the automatic machinery (so to speak) resumed its action. I do not like to mention the name of the book, nor does it much matter: it would, I feel sure, have been the same with any book.

My relative was by no means an exceptional person, but typical of a large class of readers: not of those who rush through a novel (indeed, he did not affect that style of literature) to get at the dénouement in the third volume, or who boast that they can "gut" any book (as though it were a herring) in half an hour, but of the resolute plodding kind, who can be trusted to praise a work when they have finished it, though, unhappily, not in time to affect the circulation of its first edition. If you want to see his parallel, go into the newspaper-room of any London club, and watch the old gentleman who has in hand the journal of which you are in search. He has been immersed in it for hours, perhaps, before you came upon him; but that makes no difference. He is the man that reads his newspaper from the date at its head down to "high water at London Bridge," but that makes little difference either. It is the excessive slowness with which he proceeds that is the marvel. If it were the money article, or the proceedings of the Divorce Court, or the narrative of the great glove fight, that thus entranced his attention, we should have nothing to say—it would be only a question of taste: but he batters upon all alike. How can he (especially when we are wanting the paper)—can he do so? Sometimes he seems to have gone to sleep over it, but that is not so: a scientific eye, trained to observe the least indications of vitality, would observe that his lips move, though nothing else does. He is, in fact, reading aloud, but without sound, just as Mr. Weller the elder used to indulge in bursts of silent merriment. Of course, he is a gentleman of leisure, very likely a most estimable person, with "a stake in the country" (which he rather overdoes when speaking of it); but he is a dreadfully slow reader. One can set the waiter at him, of course, but that can have only a temporary success. The habit is ingrained, and it is a most pernicious one.

That the question of "Who is to succeed Lord Tennyson as Poet Laureate?" is one in very bad taste does not unhappily prevent people from putting it. It is premature—what the Americans call "too previous"—to begin with, and there are many other objections. The immense obligations we owe him, and the self-respect we owe ourselves, among them, must suggest themselves to every honourable mind; but still, the question has been publicly asked and replied to by a hundred pens, and the mischief, so far, has been done. I have no intention, however, of pursuing in these columns a theme so distasteful, in my opinion, to good feeling; but a few words may be permitted on the general subject, in connection with the last proposal that a lady should be made Laureate. The Queen has been adjured by an American poetess to bestow this office, when it shall fall vacant, upon one of her own sex—

Thine is the age of womanhood,  
In thee its glorious type we know:  
Let woman triumph when she should,  
And give the wreath to Ingelow.

I conclude that "when" is a misprint for "where," but otherwise there is no doubt about the sentiments of the writer. The application is as direct as if she were asking for a Civil Service appointment for her own son-in-law. As to Miss Ingelow's merits, as compared with those of her male rivals for the laurel, I do not venture to give an opinion. It has been stated that "they who in quarrels interpose, are apt to get a bloody nose," and this is especially the case with literary quarrels. But the idea, in its general application, seems reasonable enough. If Mrs. Browning were alive, her claims—apart from the question of sex—would certainly be worthy of consideration. And what has sex to do with such a matter? If a butt of sack were still awarded to the Laureate, it might be thought objectionable to offer so much alcoholic liquor to a lady; but that has been commuted to a money payment. There is really no reason why the proposed innovation should not be made. There have been already cases—

though rather exceptional ones—in which women have followed callings altogether alien to them, as one would have supposed, and with success—

Soldiers, sailors,  
Tinkers, tailors,  
Gentlemen—

no, not gentlemen, but almost every other profession, and here is one to which there is no objection. One is quite surprised, indeed, that among the multifarious businesses that have been proposed for women, that of Laureate has not before been mentioned. They would look the Muse much better than most males; and they could be especially sympathetic over Births and Marriages, to celebrate which among the Royal family in song is one of the duties of the post. The idea should be hailed, as offering a new channel—though rather of limited range, like the blacking of glasses for eclipses—for the employment of women.

Excited, perhaps, to emulation by General Booth's activity for the common good, the fashionable world has also bestirred itself for the same object, though within smaller limits. In accordance with a well-known rule of charity, they have restricted their initial efforts to their own public; and, with more prudence than the General, have confined them to a single item—the dinner hour. I am old enough to remember when seven o'clock was not considered a very early hour by "persons of quality"; then it became eight; is now nine; and—though among the class that apes the habits of the aristocracy rather than among the aristocracy themselves—even a still later hour. At what time "the world" would have got to dine at last, had not some stop been put to these "goings on," it is impossible to say, but probably not till the morrow. An undergraduate, on being reproved by the Dean of his college for not attending morning chapel, is said to have replied, "But, Sir, it is so late." He could sit up (and did) till four or five o'clock, but before seven he was almost always in bed. Some difficulty of the same kind would certainly have arisen had the fashionable dinner time continued to be delayed. It had long been supper, and was in a fair way to become breakfast. A high authority—not the Queen's Proctor, but a nearer relative—has now, however, it is understood, intervened, and in future no dinner is to be sat down to by anybody who is anybody after eight o'clock. This reformation is supposed to have been effected by the protests of that class of the gay world who have, as they humorously term it, to "earn their daily bread"—persons, that is, who make five thousand a year and upwards by their own exertions. It is found that dining so late compels a correspondingly late hour for retiring, with the result that those who have to rise at a reasonably early hour in the morning get too small a modicum of sleep. As these persons mostly supply the intelligence to "Society," it is worth its while to consult their convenience.

But, as has already been pointed out by "one who has suffered," this alteration in the dinner hour should be accompanied by a reformation in punctuality. It is said, indeed, that Royalty is always punctual, but, even in the best circles, Royalty is not always to be met with, and nothing is more certain than that the people whose time is most valueless are the most inclined to behave as if every moment were most precious to them, and not to be wasted in keeping such a thing as an appointment—except at a railway station. There they do manage to arrive with punctuality; but, when there is no necessity to do so beyond that of courtesy and good breeding, they take no count of time, feeling a confidence born of large experience that their host will be weak enough to wait for them. It is said that everything comes to those who wait, but I have never seen the slightest advantage derived from this practice to anybody in the case of dinner.

The mixture of common-sense with fanaticism, though unusual, is not unprecedented. It occurs with the same rarity as humour in persons—such as Latimer and Mr. Spurgeon—distinguished for religious fervour; but it does occur. The last instance of it is evidenced by the acceptance by General Booth of the Marquis of Queensberry's cheque in aid of the scheme called "In Darkest England." "I will take money from anyone to help me in such a work," says the General, "however out of the pale"; and, as if to emphasise this view by an extreme case, he "thinks of asking for the loan of Drury-Lane Theatre, and getting the actors to help him." This behaviour is in curious contrast with that of the "goody-goody" hospital committee (with whom one would suppose he sympathised) who declined subscriptions (though, it is true, without the authority of those proposed to be benefited) from the frequenters of a racecourse. The obstinacy of bigotry can, perhaps, no further go. If there were any sort of reason in such conduct, a railway passenger might as well refuse to accept the services of an engine-driver (unless, indeed, he was a Jumper) because he belonged to an opposition sect: it is as bad to be helped in one way as another. Nay, if the principle is to be carried out, the religious heir of a profligate millionaire ought to abstain from putting his money to charitable uses. General Booth may be a fanatic, but he is not a fool. He cannot be all things to all men, but he will take all men's money for a good object; and quite right too. One of his arguments for accepting the aid of the infidel is that the stony heart of the subscriber may thereby be mollified, and the present necessity for conciliation is evidently having a socialising effect upon the General himself. It is noticeable that since the hat has been going round there has been no braying of trumpets and beating of drums under the windows of sick-rooms. The General's present action has been indorsed by the Bishop of Manchester, who, in his speech against gambling, proposes that all money gained in that way should be devoted to charitable uses. I wonder what the "goody-goody" committee will say to that?

Next to fiction, biography is the most popular form of literature—the cynics may say, because in its unreality it so much resembles fiction. But this is taking it for granted that

the biographer is too much in love with his subject, which has certainly not been the case of late. If he has been blind, it has not been to his friend's faults: he has drawn him real enough, and, if not so large as life, quite as ugly. For a good biography it is necessary that the writer should have known his man; should have been his friend, though not his idolater; should have sympathised with his pursuits; and, above all, should have had placed at his service those treasures of familiar correspondence which reveal character more clearly than the most laboured essay; those leaves that keep their green—the letters of the dead. All these things have worked together in the hands of Mr. Wemyss Reid to produce his admirable biography of Lord Houghton. As Southey complained that people would not believe in his poetry because his prose was so good, so it might have been said with justice of "Monckton Milnes that was" that he distinguished himself in too many rôles—as poet, biographer, statesman, wit—to have justice done him in any one of them. The all-round man—as in a crowd—can never make such an impression on the world as one who has an angle or two well defined. The present generation remember Lord Houghton as a sayer of good things rather than a doer of them, and think of his eccentricities at least as much as of his talents; but no one can rise from the perusal of these two volumes without recognising in him a generous nature, with high aspirations, by no means unfulfilled. It is easy enough for a man, wealthy and well placed, to become a favourite with his own circle; but Lord Houghton went far beyond it, and in all directions, and found friends everywhere. Even Carlyle had nothing contemptuous to say of him, though he must certainly have aroused his envy. The letters addressed to him, written by all sorts and conditions of men—save that they were all men of mark—would, even without their admirable setting—the biography itself—be a brilliant contribution to literature. The mere "good things" of the work are so numerous that it is like picking out the currants from a simnel cake to select from them. There is, however, nothing better, perhaps, in the way of humour than the reply of Lord Houghton when asked how he felt on being made a Lord. "I never knew until to-day how immeasurable is the gulf that divides the humblest member of the Peerage from the most exalted commoner in England." Lord Tennyson, however, seems to have been of opinion that this remark is likely to be misunderstood, and "a new creation" is said to have already observed, on reading it, that it was a sentiment natural enough, but one that would have better remained unexpressed.

## THE COURT.

The Queen is in good health, and takes drives daily in the neighbourhood of Windsor. On Nov. 27 her Majesty decorated with the medal for "distinguished conduct in the field" the following non-commissioned officers: Acting-Bombardier John Watts, Royal Artillery (now Sergeant, Argyll and Bute Artillery Militia); Acting-Bombardier (now Sergeant) Harry M'Andrew, Royal Artillery; and Acting-Bombardier Thomas Portman, Royal Artillery (since discharged as Corporal). The distinctions are granted for gallantry displayed at the attack on Konoma, during the Naga Hills Expedition. Prince and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein dined with her Majesty. The Earl of Mount-Edgcombe (Lord Steward) and Lord and Lady Knutsford arrived at the castle, and had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal family. Colonel Lord and Lady Kilmarnock, the Hon. Mrs. North Dalrymple, and Colonel G. Gordon were also invited. Lord Arthur Hill, M.P., Comptroller of the Household, arrived at the castle and had an audience of the Queen, and presented to her Majesty an Address from the House of Commons in reply to the Speech from the Throne. On the 28th the Swedish Envoy (Monsieur Akerman), the Danish Envoy (Monsieur De Bille), and the Haytian Minister Resident (Monsieur Latortue) were introduced to her Majesty as Ministers to the Queen's Court by Sir James Fergusson, Bart. (Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs). Mr. Bolton had the honour of submitting for her Majesty's inspection some photographs taken from animal life. Prince and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein dined with her Majesty on the 29th. The Right Hon. W. H. Smith and Mrs. Smith, the Bishop of Peterborough, the Marquis of Hartington, and Sir Robert Collins had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal family. Her Majesty and the Royal family and the members of the Royal household attended Divine service in the private chapel on Sunday morning, the 30th. The Bishop of Peterborough, assisted by the Very Rev. the Dean of Windsor, officiated. The Bishop preached the sermon. The Right Hon. W. H. Smith and Mrs. Smith, the Bishop of Peterborough, and the Marquis of Hartington had the honour of dining with her Majesty and the Royal family. On Dec. 1 the Duke and Duchess of Connaught arrived at Windsor Castle on a visit to the Queen. Their Royal Highnesses travelled from London by Great Western Railway, and were met at the station by Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg. A service was performed in St. George's Chapel in memory of the late Rev. Capel Cure, Canon of St. George's, Chaplain-in-Ordinary to the Queen, and Rector of St. George's, Hanover-square, whose funeral took place in Egypt on the same day. Sir John Cowell attended the service at Windsor on the part of her Majesty. On Dec. 1 Lieutenant-General Sir Redvers Buller, K.C.B., V.C. (Adjutant-General to the Forces), arrived at the castle, and had the honour of dining with her Majesty and the Royal family. Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Crutchley were also invited. According to present arrangements, the Queen will reside at Windsor Castle till about the 18th, and spend Christmas at Osborne.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, with other members of the Royal party, terminated their visit to Melton Constable on Nov. 29, and returned to Sandringham in the afternoon. Dec. 1 was the forty-sixth birthday of the Princess. At Sandringham the day was marked by the usual rejoicings, and the annual tea was given to the children of the Princess's schools of Sandringham, West Newton, and Wolferton, in the large room of the Royal Mews. The Prince and Princess, the Duke of Clarence and Avondale, Princesses Victoria and Maud, the guests staying at Sandringham, and the clergy were present. At Windsor, the bells of St. George's Chapel and St. John's Church were rung and a Royal salute was fired in the Long-walk in commemoration of the birthday. The Prince has been nominated Grand Master of Mark Masons of England for the ensuing year. It has been officially announced that the Prince has consented to resume the command of the Honourable Artillery Company.



## THE CAPTURE OF WITU, EAST AFRICA.

The British naval force stationed at Zanzibar, under command of Vice-Admiral Sir E. Fremantle, was employed from Oct. 25 to Oct. 29, on the East African mainland coast, in active hostilities against the Sultan of Witu, a rebellious vassal of the Sultan of Zanzibar, ruling a small territory between the river Tana, north of Formosa Bay, and Lamu, one of the commercial ports of the British East Africa Company. The Sultan of Witu, on Sept. 15, being offended with the German settlers, planters, and woodcutters there, ordered them to be massacred; and eight of them—Carl Horn, Kuntzel, Behnke, and others—were cruelly slaughtered. The German Consul-General at Zanzibar then went to Lamu, accompanied by the English Consul-General, Colonel Sir Euan Smith, K.C.B., and summoned the Sultan of Witu to deliver up the murderers to justice, and to make further amends. The Sultan of Witu having positively rejected the terms offered by the British Consul-General, two armed naval expeditions, under Captain Curzon-Howe and Commander M'Quhae, were sent by the Admiral to attack and destroy certain villages on the Witu coast, which were directly implicated in the murders. These villages were speedily evacuated, and were then burned.

As the Sultan of Witu still refused due satisfaction, defying also the mandate of his Sovereign at Zanzibar, Sir Euan Smith, in the exercise of the British Protectorate, decided on an effectual use of our naval force; and Admiral Fremantle proceeded to Formosa Bay with a squadron of nine vessels. On the evening of Saturday, Oct. 25, a force was landed, consisting of 880 bluejackets and marines, eight field guns, 100 Zanzibar soldiers, 100 of the British East Africa Company's troops, and about 1000 porters. The main body camped that night on the beach, while the advance-guard, about 300 men, with the field guns, camped a few miles along the road. At midnight, the advance-guard was attacked by large numbers of the enemy, who completely encircled the camp, and opened a fire which was remarkable for the smallness of its effect; not a single man of our force was killed, though several were wounded. The bluejackets were at first a little flurried, but Captain Montgomerie, who commanded the advance-guard, soon got them well in hand; and their fire, together with that of the machine guns, was so effective, that after half an hour the enemy retired without having made their intended charge, though at one time they were not more than fifty yards distant and never more than a hundred and fifty yards. There must have been at least 500 rifles among the enemy, and three or four times as many spears.

Next day, Oct. 26, the British force advanced to a position on the edge of a swamp three or four miles from the town of Witu. In the evening they had to repel another attack made by the enemy. The movements were directed by Captain Curzon-Howe. They advanced in skirmishing order, driving the enemy back at all points, the marines on the right, under Lieutenants Lalor and Abrahall, being particularly conspicuous for steady firing and orderly advance. After half an hour the enemy drew off, having suffered severely. The British force, having passed a quiet night in the zereba, started at daybreak, after a hasty meal, to advance on Witu. After an hour's march they sighted the enemy, who had come out to fight in front of the town; drove the skirmishers in with heavy loss, then halted, and re-formed for the attack on the town, which was hidden from sight by the surrounding jungle. The guns and rockets under Commander Montgomerie now opened fire. At the same time the main body moved on to the attack. When close up to the stockade a 7-pounder gun was brought to bear on the stockaded entrance, but it had to be blown down with gun-cotton. A few seconds afterwards, with a lusty cheer, the bluejackets and marines, headed by Captain Curzon-Howe, rushed in, only to find the place evacuated, the enemy having retreated into the dense jungle by secret paths. The Commander-in-Chief entered in triumph, and was soon seated in the Sultan's Chair of State. The town was then given over to loot, and afterwards set on fire. Vast quantities of powder and ammunition, discovered at the back of the Sultan's palace, were blown up; the palace was completely destroyed, and the flagstaff cut down. The surviving Germans recovered a quantity of their own property. After this victory the British force marched back to Kipini, the rear-guard arriving on Oct. 29. The casualties were about twelve wounded, several others suffering severely, on the return march, from the heat.

Our illustrations are from sketches by a young naval officer, Mr. Acklom, of H.M.S. Boadicea.

At the inauguration of the new University Hall, in Gordon-square, on Nov. 29, the Rev. Stopford Brooke (president), Mrs. Humphry Ward, Dr. James Martineau, Principal Drummond, and others took part in the proceedings.

Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne) and Princess Beatrice (Princess Henry of Battenberg) on Dec. 2 attended a meeting of the Council of the Queen Victoria's Jubilee Nurses Institute at St. Katherine's Hospital, Regent's Park. Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, who is a member of the council, was also present.

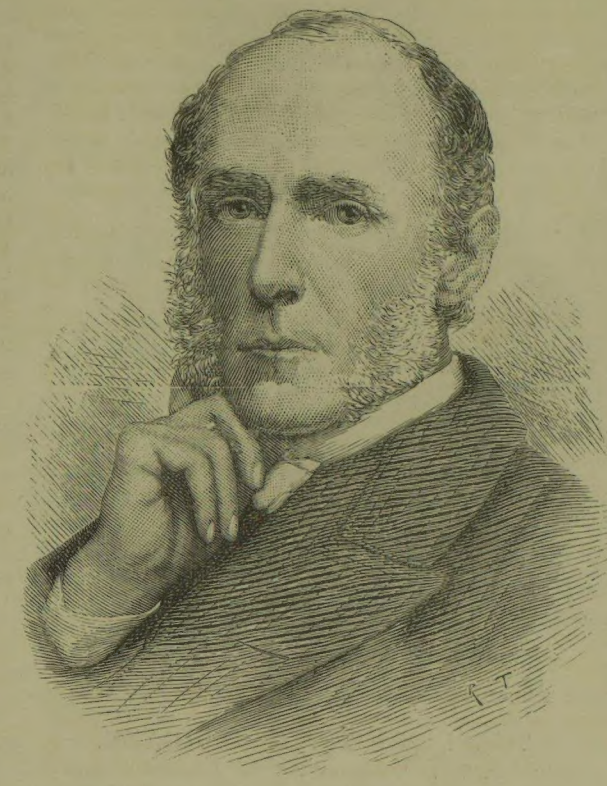
Princess Mary Adelaide, Duchess of Teck, visited Richmond, on Dec. 2, for the purpose of opening a bazaar at the Castle Assembly-rooms in aid of the funds of the local branch of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Her Royal Highness, with Princess Victoria of Teck, subsequently assisted in disposing of articles on sale.

Several military correspondents furnished this Journal with sketches of the Chin-Lushai expedition, some of which appeared months ago; others, being of more recent interest, are presented this week. Among these are two, "One of the Dhalishwar War-boats" and "The Last Man going down to Kolnashenna," drawn by the late Lieutenant R. Swinton, of the 44th Ghoorkas, the young officer who was soon afterwards killed by a party of the enemy in ambush on the banks of the river. We are much indebted also to Lieutenant H. W. G. Cole, of the 3rd Ghoorkas, commandant of the Cachar Battalion of Assam Frontier Police, now garrisoning Fort Aijal, Changsil, and other stations in the Lushai Hills, from whom many interesting communications have been received.

The Birmingham and Midland Counties forty-second annual show of fat stock was opened on Nov. 29 at Bingley Hall, Birmingham. Of the seven beasts sent in by the Queen six have taken first prizes. Her Majesty further takes the champion prizes as well as the president's £50 prize for the best animal in the cattle classes, and for the second time the Elkington Challenge Cup, which now becomes the Queen's property. The series of fat stock exhibitions in Kent opened on Nov. 28 at the Agricultural Hall, Canterbury, with an admirable collection of animals from all parts of Kent, Sussex, Surrey, and other adjoining counties. The show is a distinct advance upon those of previous years, in point both of numbers and quality of the exhibits. Sixteen specimens of the Shorthorn breed were entered, and it was among these that the champion beast was found, the honour falling to a splendid heifer, two years and ten months old, bred and shown by Mr. Charles Collard of Little Barton, Canterbury.

## THE LATE REV. CANON CAPEL CURE.

The death of the Rev. Edward Capel Cure, M.A., Canon of Windsor, took place at Cairo, and the news was received with profound sorrow by the Dean and clergy of the Windsor Chapter, by whom he was greatly respected. Canon Eliot, the Dean-designate, feelingly alluded during the morning service on Sunday, Nov. 30, to the loss which they had sustained.

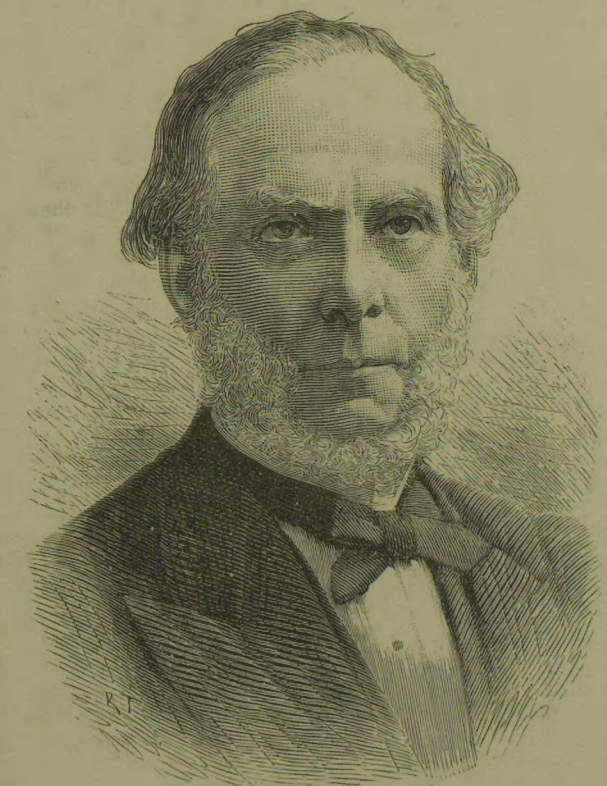


THE LATE REV. E. CAPEL CURE, CANON OF WINDSOR.

The late Canon Cure was sixty years of age. He was educated at Balliol College, Oxford, where he took his B.A. degree in 1851, and was elected Fellow of Merton College in 1852. He held his Fellowship twelve years, and for nine years was Vicar of St. Peter-in-the-East, Oxford. From 1867 to 1876 he was Rector of St. George's, Bloomsbury, and in the latter year he became Rector of St. George's, Hanover-square, and Chaplain in Ordinary and Canon of Windsor in 1884. He was Honorary Chaplain to the Queen 1880-4, and Prebendary of Finsbury in St. Paul's Cathedral 1882-4. The portrait is from a photograph by Mr. Samuel A. Walker, 230, Regent-street.

## THE LATE MR. GEORGE BELL.

The late head of the firm of George Bell and Sons, publishers, who died on Nov. 27, was born in 1814, at Richmond, in Yorkshire. He came up to London, and entered the house of Whittaker and Co., Ave Maria-lane. About 1838 he began on his own account as a bookseller in Bouverie-street. His aim, however, was to become a publisher, and it was not long before he undertook to found a library of annotated classics representing the best English scholarship of the day. With this view he sought the help of Messrs. Goldwin Smith, Donaldson, George Long, Maclean, Paley, and Blakesley, afterwards Dean of Lincoln. The series known as the "Bibliotheca Classica" was undertaken in partnership with Messrs. Whittaker and Co. This was followed by a smaller series, and ultimately led to a good educational business. Mr. Bell had



THE LATE MR. GEORGE BELL.

moved to 186, Fleet-street, where he became associated with Mr. F. R. Daldy. He was an agent for Cambridge University publications, and in 1856 he acquired the business of J. and J. Deighton, of Cambridge, still carried on under the style of Deighton, Bell, and Co. In 1864 he and his partner became purchasers of Mr. H. G. Bohn's well-known libraries, and transferred their business to York-street, Covent-garden. In 1872 his partnership with Mr. Daldy terminated, and since then two of his sons have taken part in the business. A few years ago he acquired the publishing business of Whittaker and Co. Two years ago Mr. G. Bell retired from business, though he never lost his interest in it.

## THE SILENT MEMBER.

Not for many, many years has the House of Commons shone so well as a legislative assembly as it has done since Mr. Parnell drew the "red herring" of his misleading political manifesto across the trail of the O'Shea Divorce Case, and so brought about a series of meetings of his Irish Home Rule Party in Committee Room No. 15, where there have been the liveliest indications of what an Irish Parliament in Dublin would turn out to be. "This is the Irish Parliament. Don't mind the English Parliament!" exclaimed one perfervid Hibernian during the very heated discussions as to whether Mr. Parnell should retain his leadership; and the confusion of tongues certainly justified the declaration. Thoughtful Irishmen will not fail to have marked that, while this question of personal ascendancy absorbed the Irish members, the "English Parliament" was magnanimously devoting itself to the solid welfare of Ireland by giving its earnest attention to the Irish Land Bill of the Government.

The meeting of the Irish Home Rule Party depicted in the large illustration took place before the members generally were aware that Mr. Gladstone had written his letter to the effect that Mr. Parnell ought to resign his leadership. The scene was Committee Room No. 15—a chamber that has now become famous—and the meeting was held on the opening day of the Session, November the Twenty-fifth. As Mr. Gladstone had entrusted to Mr. Justin McCarthy the task of communicating his counsel to Mr. Parnell, it would have been well had that hon. member made the Liberal Leader's opinion clear to his fellow-members of the Home Rule Party. This was not done, and his brother members re-elected Mr. Parnell as Leader in ignorance of Mr. Gladstone's decision. It has also transpired that some were led to believe that upon Mr. Parnell's re-election he would express thanks for the personal compliment, and gracefully retire. But these credulous members reckoned without their host. "Tell them I will fight to the end" sums up Mr. Parnell's subsequent resolution in Mr. Parnell's own words.

Mr. Parnell's course of action was ingenious but disingenuous; and his manifesto proved him to be so inconsistent and so unreliable, "not to put too fine a point on it," that a damaging blow was given to his reputation for sagacity and long-headedness. Stung to the quick by Mr. Gladstone's letter (written purely in consequence of Mr. Parnell's appearance as co-respondent in the O'Shea divorce case), the usually cool founder of the Irish Home Rule Party tried to throw his followers and the public off the scent by an audacious political attack on the veteran Liberal Chief and on Mr. John Morley, accusing the former of sounding him with respect to some vital clauses of a future Home Rule Bill, and the latter of proffering him the bait of the Secretaryship for Ireland. Both Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Morley promptly denied the accuracy of Mr. Parnell's statements in his manifesto; and, as has since been pointed out, his assertions are manifestly inconsistent with his laudatory speech of Mr. Gladstone at Liverpool the very day he left Hawarden Castle, where he had been an honoured guest. Heedless of the fact that Mr. John Dillon, Mr. William O'Brien, and Mr. T. P. O'Connor had "wired" a dignified rebuke from America repudiating the manifesto, unmindful of the censure from Roman Catholic dignitaries and the sorrowful condemnation of the majority of his colleagues at Westminster, Mr. Parnell unflinchingly and obstinately maintained his position.

Briefly put, such was the state of affairs in the Irish camp when Mr. Parnell met the Irish Home Rule members again in Committee Room No. 15, on Monday, the First of December. Curiously enough, Mr. Parnell was permitted to preside, albeit the object of the meeting was to give him "an opportunity to reconsider his position." Being in the chair, he was repeatedly called to order by Mr. T. M. Healy, who delivered a crushing speech against his quondam leader. Perhaps the most eloquent reproof Mr. Parnell received was from Mr. Sexton, and the gravest from Mr. Justin McCarthy. Bootless to dwell on the confusion worse confounded that ensued. Enough that on the following (Tuesday) evening, after a prolonged and acrimonious discussion, a vote was taken on Colonel Nolan's amendment to the effect that the meeting be adjourned to Dublin till the opinion of the Irish constituencies could be ascertained. The vote was adverse to Mr. Parnell, a majority of fifteen—44 against 29—negating Col. Nolan's proposition; and the meeting was again adjourned.

The House of Commons, meantime, has shown how rapidly legislative business can be transacted in the absence of the Irish members, good progress having been made with the Irish Land Bill and the Tithe Bill.

A grant of £100 has been made from the Royal Bounties Fund to Mr. George O'Byrne, the Nottingham poet.

The committee of the St. Clement Danes' Laundry and Soup Kitchen, Sheffield-street, Clare Market, are compelled to make a special appeal for funds at the present time. The balance at the bank is on the wrong side of the account, the treasurer advancing the money to meet current expenses.

Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, accompanied by the Marquis of Lorne, attended St. Andrew's Church, Ashley-place, on Dec. 1, and acted as sponsor to the infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Boulton; the other sponsors being Miss Adela Schuster and the Hon. Alexander Yorke.

At a meeting of the Society of Engineers, held at the Townhall, Westminster, on Monday evening, Dec. 1, Mr. Henry Adams, president, in the chair, a paper was read by Mr. J. J. F. Andrews, M.A., on "Ship Caissons for Dock Basins and Dry Docks." The author prefaced his paper by a general review of ship caissons generally in use for dock basins and dry docks.

Mr. Booth attended a conference at Leeds on Dec. 1, at which nearly £13,000 was subscribed towards his scheme. In the evening he addressed a crowded meeting in the Townhall, and stated that several shelters would be established in the provinces—one at Leeds to begin with. All the money subscribed would be settled, in trust, quite distinct from the Salvation Army funds.

Christmas Numbers make the railway bookstalls very gay with their bright Coloured Supplements. One of the most popular of these favourite prints is "The Queen of the Roses," from the painting by V. Corcas. This is a really beautiful specimen of its class, and is presented with the Christmas Number of the *Lady's Pictorial*, which is full of skilfully narrated stories by Mrs. Oliphant, Mrs. Macquoid, Lady Colin Campbell, and other writers, and is artistically embellished by such accomplished artists as Maurice Greiffenhagen, A. Forestier, J. Bernard Partridge, and F. H. Townsend. Mr. Edmund Yates gives us a well-told topical story in "The Salt of the Earth," as the Christmas Number of the *World*, written quite "up to date," by Messrs. Archibald Forbes, Arthur Griffiths, C. J. Wills, G. Bernard Shaw, and Mrs. F. H. Williamson, and amply illustrated with vivid portrait-sketches by that clever caricaturist Mr. Alfred Bryan.



## LATE COUNTESS OF ROSEBERY.

We have already, in the last week or two, more than once paid a share of the general tribute of esteem due to the memory of this excellent lady, whose death on Nov. 19 from typhoid fever has elicited from all ranks, from Royalty itself down to the humblest person within the range of her acquaintance, a heartfelt expression of sorrow. The kindest of mistresses, the devoted friend of the poor, the popular and accomplished hostess, Lady Rosebery was universally beloved, and her loss is felt as a public bereavement.

Hannah de Rothschild, Countess of Rosebery, was the only child of the late Baron Meyer Amschel de Rothschild, of Mentmore, Bucks, M.P. for Hythe. He was one of the three sons of Baron Nathan Meyer: his brothers were Baron Lionel, father of the three present partners in the house; and Sir Anthony, father of Mrs. Cyril Flower and Mrs. Eliot Yorke. The late Baron Meyer Rothschild, at his death in 1874, left the whole of his enormous fortune to his daughter, Hannah, who resided at Mentmore till her marriage with the Earl of Rosebery in 1878. The Prince of Wales and other Royal personages attended the wedding, and the Earl of Beaconsfield, the first Prime Minister of England of Jewish family, gave away the bride. There is little to record of Lady Rosebery's married life. She had four children—Ladies Sybil and Peggy Primrose, whose portraits by Sir F. Leighton and Sir J. E. Millais not long ago adorned the walls of the Academy; Archibald (Lord Dalmeny) and Neil. Her goodness to her poor neighbours at Mentmore was proverbial in that district. Naturally, she sometimes felt the fatigue of entertaining, especially when her husband was in office, and when, either at Lansdowne House or at the Foreign Office, she had to receive vast numbers of official or semi-official guests. About 1885 Lord Rosebery bought a house in Berkeley-square, and there Lady Rosebery continued to practise the social duties of a hostess. She readily and zealously performed those other and perhaps more fatiguing duties which appertain to the wife of a prominent public man. She superintended, for example, the fund for the relief of the sick and wounded in the Egyptian War; and, by special desire of the Queen, she became president for Scotland of the Queen Victoria Jubilee Institute for Nurses. In 1886 she was one of the "conveners" of the Women's Industries Section at the Edinburgh International Exhibition. Only last year she took a chief part in organising the Scottish Home Industries Association. She was also, as became a faithful follower of the Jewish religion, a constant supporter of the Jewish charities in London; and by none will she be more greatly missed than by the poor Jews of the East-End.

Mr. Thomas Archer has resigned the post of Agent-General for Queensland in London, and is succeeded by Sir James Garrick, his predecessor in the same post.

At the annual meeting of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, the Rev. B. Waugh stated that within eighteen months sixteen thousand children had been rescued, by means of the society, from a life of vice and crime.



THE LATE COUNTESS OF ROSEBERY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. A. J. MELHUISE, 58, PALL-MALL.

## THE LONDON FIRE BRIGADE.

On Saturday, Nov. 29, a review of the London Fire Brigade was held on the Horse Guards' Parade, when Lady Lubbock distributed bronze medals to engineers and firemen who had rendered good service for a period of years, and presented silver medals to two men who had displayed extraordinary bravery at the fire in the Wellington Barracks. The review was held by order of the Fire Brigade Committee of the London County Council. It mustered about 150 officers and men, with six hose-vans, six manual fire-engines, and twenty-two steam fire-engines, which performed some evolutions—walking in procession, afterwards trotting and galloping, finally drawing up in front of the saluting-point. Here the men dismounted, forming a semicircle, and Captain Shaw, the chief officer, called forward the men who were to receive the medals. Lady Lubbock graciously affixed the decoration to each man's breast. A short address from Sir John Lubbock, as Chairman of the London County Council, was followed by a vote of thanks and three cheers, which ended the proceedings. Among those present were Mr. Nathan Moss, Chairman of the Fire Brigade Committee; Colonel Howard Vincent, M.P., Sir Edward Bradford, and Colonel Monsell.

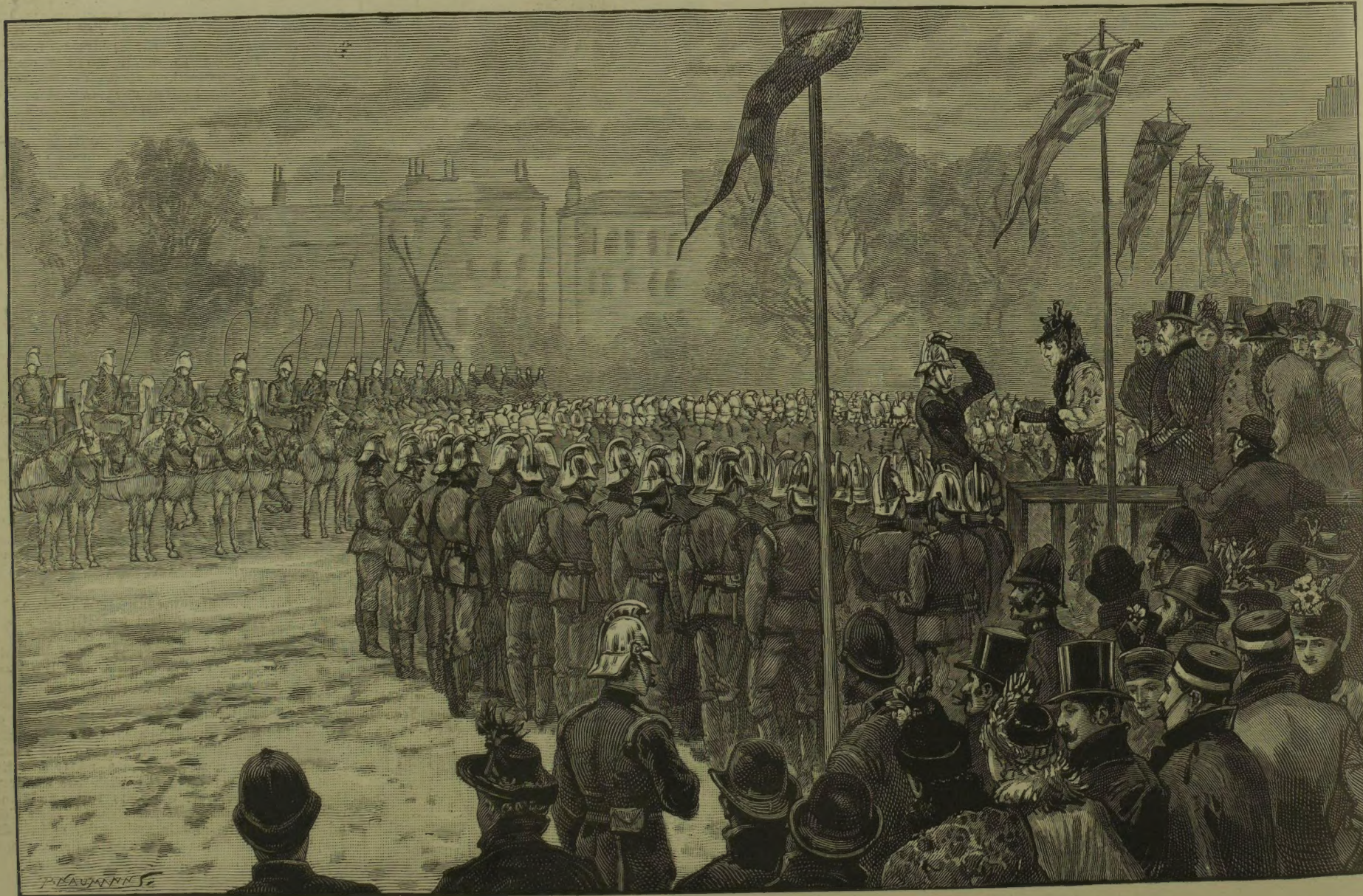
## SKETCHES IN QUEENSLAND:

## THE BARRON FALLS.

The line of railway being constructed between Cairns and Herberton, in North Queensland, gives access to some of the grandest scenery in Australia, hitherto little known even among colonists, who are usually busied with other affairs than picturesque and romantic views. Mr. Gilbert Parker, who, about a twelvemonth ago, visited that district, accompanied by the local engineer of the railway, has furnished us with some photographs and a descriptive account, fully confirming the rumours that were already current of its surprising natural features, especially of the Barron Falls, which seem entitled, at least in flood-time, to rank among the great cataracts of the world.

The town of Cairns, on the eastern sea-coast, 900 miles north of Brisbane, has sprung up in the past fourteen years. Its site, which was so lately mere bush, is now worth £50 the square foot in the business streets. Neighbouring settlements are quickly arising and growing at Edge Hill, Stratford, Richmond, Red Lynch, and Kamerunga, eight miles distant, on lands reclaimed from the wilderness. The Cairns and Herberton Railway, crossing the country in a southerly direction, will ultimately be extended west to Normanton and the shores of the Gulf of Carpentaria, which will hereafter be connected with Brisbane, and with the other Australian capitals. Herberton is the centre of a goldfield district, possessing much tin and other mineral wealth; but we are less concerned, upon this occasion, with the prospects of colonial enterprise than with the views which will be admired by thousands of future travellers in Australia, and will some day be famous. Those of the Barron Gorge, above Kamerunga, must soon become celebrated, now that they are so easily reached by the railway from Cairns. We give Mr. Gilbert Parker's description:—

"Here is a railway village in the jungle on the river banks, still the native home of the cassowary and the alligator. To the left is a towering peak, its head lost in rolling mists; to the right, another mountain lifts its huge shoulders from the plain, its head glowing in a rosy haze. But listen to the sound of an explosion! Dynamite is doing the engineer's work, and massive boulders are heard rolling down the cliffs. Civilisation is about to draw its steel belts and bars over this mountainous region, at a cost of £40,000 or £50,000 a mile. You may already go seven miles up the gorge by the ballast-train, sitting on the edge of a freight-truck, with your legs hanging over the abyss, carried along a mere shelf of rock cut out of the mountain wall. But then you will not see the Barron Falls on your journey. Rather mount a sure-footed nag from the contractors' camp, and ride through the forest, thickly beset with vine-like hanging stems that curtain the trees, and with the rosella bush, the flaming hibiscus, white and blue orchids in wonderful profusion; climb up a thousand feet above the river-bed, then cross the railway line, which here performs strange feats, hugging the edges of precipices, doubling on itself, making reverse curves in and out of tunnels: ascend 2000 ft. higher, and pause there, looking over the entrance to the Barron Gorge.

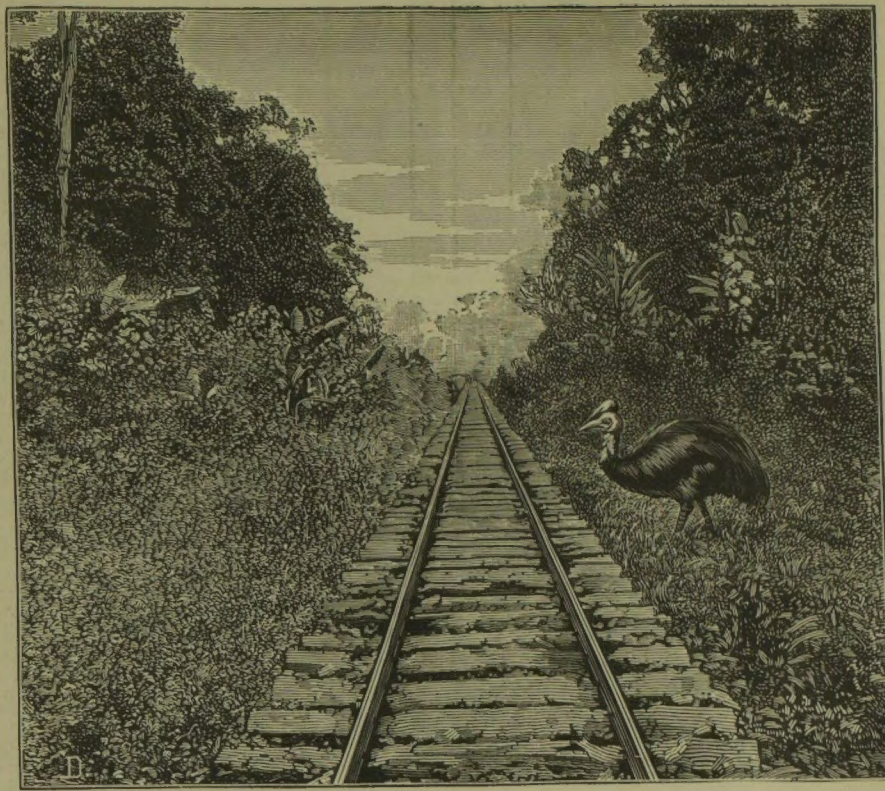


REVIEW OF THE LONDON FIRE BRIGADE: DISTRIBUTION OF MEDALS.





CUTTING ON A REVERSE CURVE.



THE "SEVEN MILE," WITH CASSOWARY.

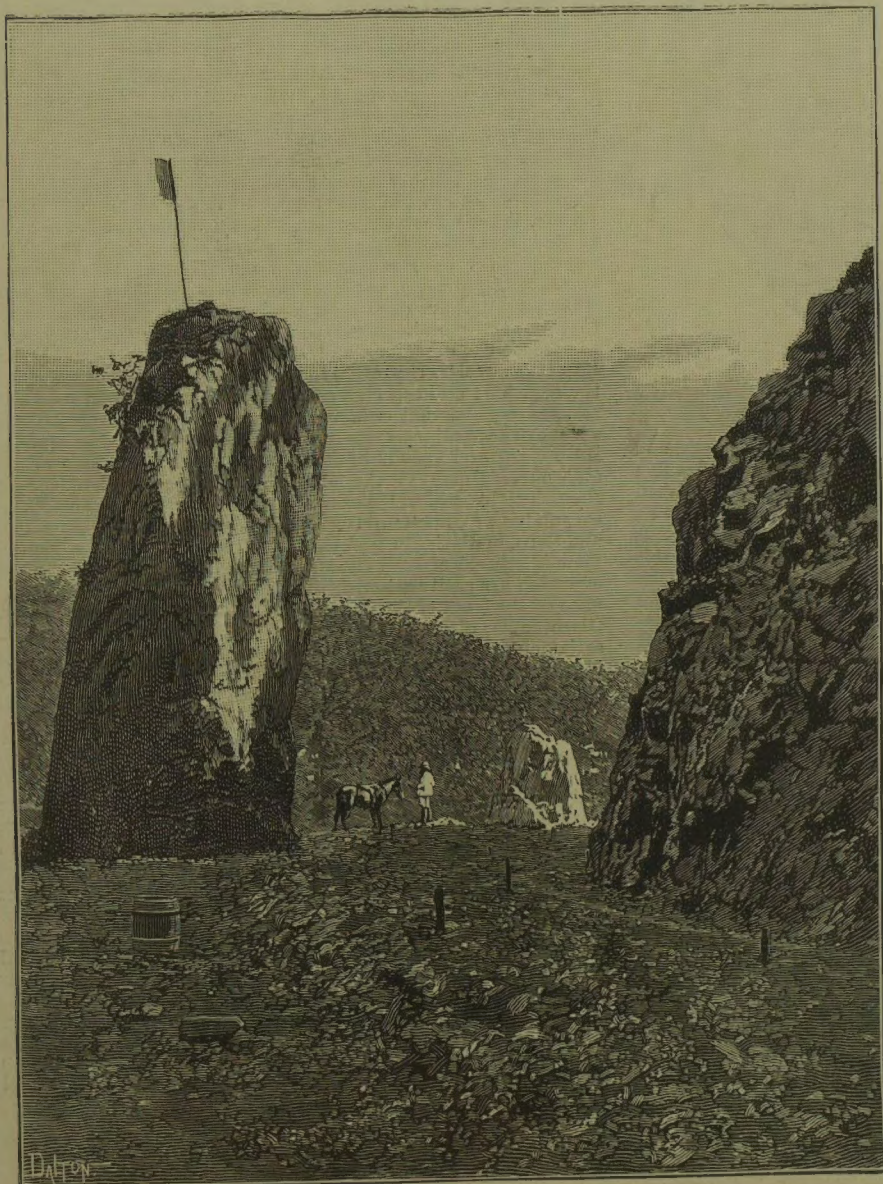
"It is a grand sight. Far away to the left flashes the white cascade of the Stoney Creek Falls, 300 ft. or 400 ft. high, over which the railway passes; in front of you are hills a mile high; at your feet is the river, clear and limpid, reflecting the brightness of the sun. Upon the mountain wall hang men like midges, working with pick and crowbar: they are tied to trees and rocks, and so are poised between heaven and earth. The wild banana lifts its fronds thirty feet in the air; the fig-tree shoots down, from a hundred feet above, innumerable roots into the earth, making for itself palisades of strength and broad apparent buttresses; the wild pumpkin trails its yellow blossoms down the hills, and the pools below are panoplied with water-lilies. The fruit hangs thick upon the papaw-tree, and the granadilla invites you with its bursting succulence. The palm, straight and as willowy as a bamboo, reaches up to touch the pale-green leaves of the acacia, cedar, and to do homage to the royal kauri pine. Where shall you not see beauty in the Barron Gorge? From Red Bluff you will look out to the ocean, ten miles away, and see Cape Grafton, False Cape, Trinity Bay, and Cairns, and the white line of the coral reef on the far horizon. Suddenly you will come upon a seeming repro-

duction of the monoliths of Stonehenge. But on a lofty pillar called Pinnacle Rock behold the Italian flag floating in the breeze, for some labourers from Italy, as well as Irishmen, work together in this gorge, and Chinamen cultivate the valley. Now you pass pools of uncalculated depths, in great canyons hiding away from the sumptuous forest. Here you cross an iron bridge, and there a series of wooden bridges. Far athwart the gorge, a train of mules from Herberton wind down the mountain-side, bearing their little packs of tin; and farther on, beyond the Falls, you may watch a drove of cattle swimming across the Barron River.

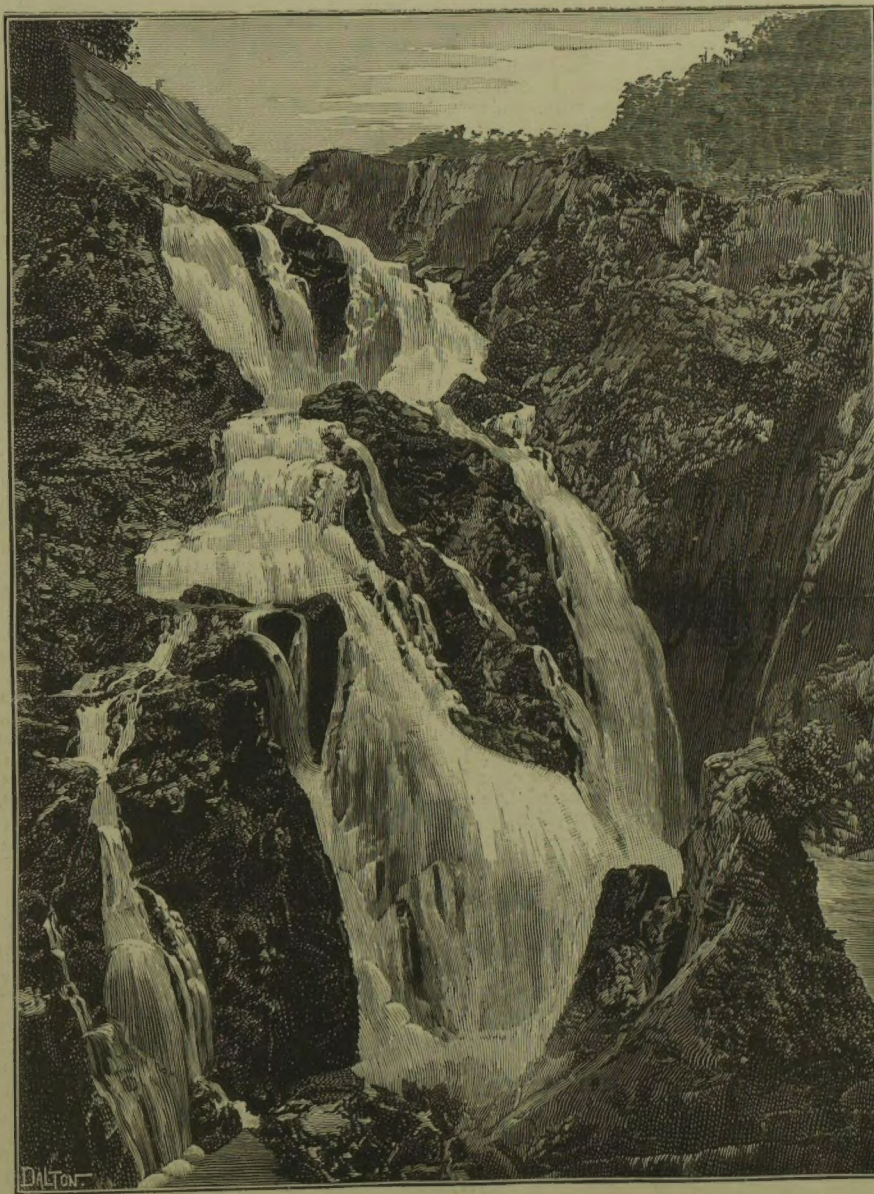
"The rapids become wilder and more tumultuous; and, after a little more riding, passing coverts of palms, gigantic ferns, and acacia woods, or creeping along steep slopes, through shrubs oppressed with the weight of their ripe splendour, you come to the verge of a jutting rock, and then you pause. You hear a deep, sonorous, musical note, the voice of mighty waters. Now look to your left, and there are the Barron Falls!

"The edge of the cliff is 965 ft. above the level of the sea, and the Falls themselves are 650 ft. from the cliff's edge to the rocks and boulders beneath, over which the river Barron boils,

till it emerges from the gorge and glides out and on to the sea twenty miles from the Falls. The Falls, as we see them, are divided into two parts: on the right, making three plunges to the rocky floor beneath; on the left, making but two, the last plunge being about 400 ft. At the base of the Falls a tower-like rock, 150 ft. in height, stands sentinel and keeps up the division, until the cauldrons unite, some distance beyond its breakwater, in the rear. Scarred, ragged, torn, and battered is this mighty rift in the mountains. Close to the farther wall are deep pools set one above the other: cavities like hollow steps ascending to a pyramid, connected with each other by liquid ropes of water, such as that which falls 150 ft. from the mountain down the narrow gateway that leads to the Falls. An immense volume of water, in the season of flood, is driven to the edge of the precipice, and, plunging over with stupendous force, takes the form of a clean pillar of water in its descent, till it breaks on the Castle Rock below. And flood-time is frequent in this country, where rain falls to the amount of 12 ft. in the year. The Barron Falls, seen as they must be then, will appear not less astonishing than Niagara; more beautiful they certainly are."



PINNACLE ROCK.



THE BARRON FALLS.



## MUSIC.

## ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

Signor Lago's brief season, which opened on Oct. 18, closed, as prearranged, on Nov. 29. Since our last record, Meyerbeer's "L'Etoile du Nord" was given, with the fine performance of M. Maurel in the character of Pietro, in which he manifested the same high vocal and dramatic power as in previous seasons. The music of the part was very artistically sung, the delivery of the Brindisi and the aria "O lieti di" having been especially effective—and the dramatic aspect of the character was admirably realised, especially in the situation of the tent-scene, Peter's inebriation having been very cleverly simulated without the slightest approach to coarseness. Very good, also, was the acting of Peter's confused memories suggested by the face and voice of the disguised Catharine, when, as the supposed recruit, Peter has condemned her to be shot for insubordination. As Catterina, Mdle. Stromfeld sang the florid music with much brightness, and Mdle. Norini was an efficient representative of Prascovia—the parts of the two vivandières, Echimonia and Natalia, having been sustained respectively by Mdle. C. Brani and Mdle. Florenza. Signor Guétary sang pleasingly as Danilowitz, and Signor Ciampi, as on former occasions, gave full force to the humour of the character of Gritzenko. Subordinate parts were fairly well filled. Some evidences of haste in the preparation of the opera were apparent, as might be expected with the incessant work of nightly performances and almost daily rehearsals.

The closing performances included repetitions of "Faust," "Orfeo," "L'Etoile du Nord," and "Tannhäuser," this last having been given on Saturday night, Nov. 29, as a complimentary benefit to Signor Lago.

The season has been one of great activity; nightly performances having been given, with a varied change of operas that involved a great strain in preparation and rehearsal. Notwithstanding this, there have been fewer disappointments and postponements than might have been anticipated from this cause, and from the influence of a climate which, especially in the late months of the year, is peculiarly adverse to singers.

The great feature of the season has been the revival of Gluck's "Orfeo," one of the composer's masterpieces, which had not been heard in London, in stage performance, for many years. The great effect produced in the title-character by Mdle. G. Ravogli (one of the débutantes of the season) was commented on, with other features of the cast, in our notice of the revival. Another prominent event in Signor Lago's season was the production of Ponchielli's "La Gioconda," which had been given but a few times since its first performance at the Royal Italian Opera in 1883. In its recent revival, Miss Grace Damian produced a favourable impression by her expressive rendering of the music of the character of La Cieca, this having been the first stage appearance of Miss Damian, who had hitherto only been known as a successful oratorio and concert singer. Other operas more familiar to the English public have been given, with generally efficient casts, and mostly with an attention to stage-mounting that might scarcely be expected with the greatly reduced scale of prices of admission adopted. This latter feature, and the non-restriction to the rules of evening dress, must have met the requirements of large numbers of visitors. Considering the shortness of the season, and the incessant exertions required from all the members of the company, it could scarcely be wondered at that Cimarosa's "Il Matrimonio Segreto" and Boïto's "Mefistofele" were not produced, as contemplated.

The appearances of Madame Albani in favourite operas gave an éclat similar to that of the regular season at high prices; another important artist, M. Maurel, having added thereto by his fine performances of Rigoletto, Wolfram in "Tannhäuser," and Peter in "L'Etoile du Nord."

Among leading singers who appeared here for the first time, more or less successfully, were Mdles. Stromfeld, S. Ravogli, Costanzi, and Peri; Signori Guétary, Perotti, Suane, Orlandini, Merolles, Fiegna, and Mr. C. Manners. The last-named gentleman and his wife, Madame Fanny Moody, had before gained high esteem in English operatic performances, but this was their first appearance at the Royal Italian Opera. The ladies, Miss Macintyre and Miss Ella Russell, were valuable and prominent members of Signor Lago's company. Signor Galassi must be mentioned specially for his versatile merits and his ready efficiency in sudden exigencies; and Signori Giannini, Padilla, Novara, and others have contributed much to the general efficiency of the casts. The orchestra (led by Mr. Carrodus) and the chorus have been as efficient as could be expected considering the strain of the incessant work required from them.

## GOUNOD'S "MOCK DOCTOR."

The recent revival (at the Grand Theatre, Islington) of this work (with an English version of "Le Médecin malgré lui"), has rescued a very charming opera from long and unmerited neglect in this country. It was produced at Covent-Garden Theatre in 1865, with the book of MM. Barbier and Carré translated and adapted by the late Mr. Charles Kenney. The appropriation of Molière's witty comedy to exquisite music by Gounod, in which a certain kind of antique grace, and some reflection of courtly manner, are realised with consummate art, has resulted in a masterpiece which should rank as among the best of the composer's productions. The revival now referred to is due to Mr. R. Temple, who, with the other members of his company, sustained the respective characters; that of Sganarelle having been filled by Mr. Temple himself, whose vocal and dramatic talents have been heretofore associated with the Savoy operatic performances. The characters of Martine, Lucinda, and Leander were well sustained respectively by Misses S. Fenn, Chapuy, and Mr. K. Morgan; and others contributed to the cast. A new song has been written by the composer for the character of Lucinda. The revival will probably find favourable reception in the provinces.

The Saturday afternoon Popular Concert at St. James's Hall on Nov. 29 included M. Paderewski's last appearance here for the season. The eminent pianist was heard in a characteristic sonata of his own composition, for piano and violin; the latter instrument having been in the hands of Madame Neruda. With such executants it need scarcely be said the work received every advantage in its interpretation. Another effective association was that of M. Paderewski and Signor Piatti in Rubinstein's sonata for piano and violoncello, Op. 18. In solo pieces by Schubert and Chopin the pianist was heard specially. Mr. P. Greene contributed vocal solos with much effect.

The Spanish pianist Señor Albeniz appeared at the Monday Popular Concert of Dec. 1, at St. James's Hall, and was specially heard in solo pieces by Scarlatti, the antique grace of which was charmingly rendered by the player, whose refined and skilful performances have recently gained him such deserved celebrity in this country. On the occasion now referred to Señor Albeniz was associated with Madame Neruda and Signor Piatti in Beethoven's trio in G minor (No. 3, Op. 1).

the lady violinist having played, with much charm, a Barcarolle and Scherzo by Spohr. The quartet party, headed by the lady violinist, was the same as before; and the vocalist was Miss L. Lehmann, and the accompanist Mr. Frantzen.

The second performance of Mr. John Boosey's London Ballad Concerts at St. James's Hall took place in the afternoon of Nov. 26, when a programme of the usual variety and interest was prepared; similar attractions having been provided for the following evening concert on Dec. 3.

The second orchestral concert of Sir Charles Hallé's new series, at St. James's Hall (on Nov. 28), again offered a strong programme of instrumental music. Weber's overture to "Oberon," the "Larghetto" from Spohr's third symphony, and Beethoven's symphony in A were finely played by the orchestra; and Sir Charles Hallé gave a refined and skilful rendering of Dvorák's pianoforte concerto in G minor, a work that was introduced at a Crystal Palace concert by Mr. Oscar Beringer a few years ago.

The Finsbury Choral Association gave, on Nov. 27 (at Holloway Hall), a performance of Professor Bridge's oratorio "The Repentance of Nineveh," which was successfully produced at last year's Worcester Festival. The composer again conducted it on the recent occasion.

At the Crystal Palace concert of Nov. 29 there was no absolute novelty. Mr. L. Borwick gave a masterly performance of Brahms's first pianoforte concerto and smaller pieces; and Miss L. Lehmann contributed vocal solos.

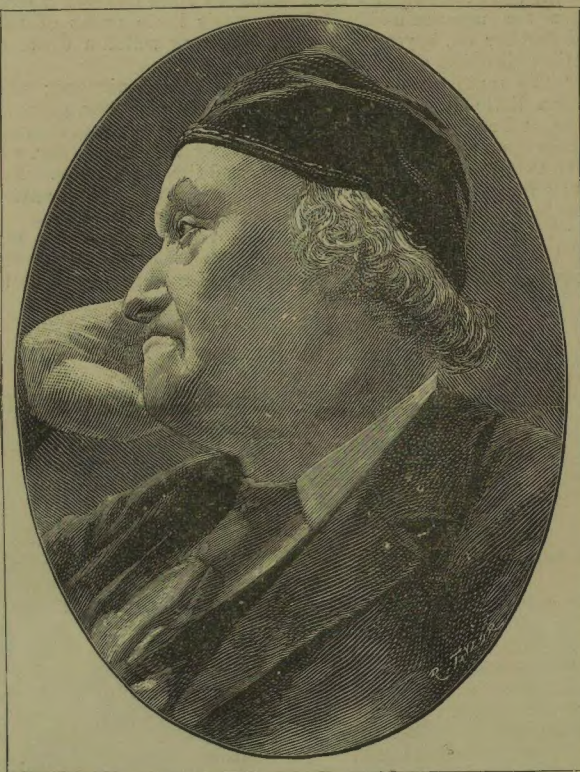
St. Andrew's Day, falling on a Sunday, received its musical celebration on the previous and following evenings. On Nov. 29 the annual Scotch Ballad Concert was given at St. James's Hall. A Scotch concert was given on the same evening at the Crystal Palace, and one of a similar character at the Chelsea Townhall. On Dec. 1, Mr. W. Carter gave one of his "National Festival Concerts" at the Royal Albert Hall, the programme of which was of strong Scottish interest, and included the co-operation of Mr. Carter's well-trained choir and several eminent vocalists.

Mr. Isidore de Lara's concert at St. James's Hall (for which M. Maurel and other eminent artists were announced) offered a varied programme, in which his own vocal performances were associated with other attractions.

Master Isidore Pavia's third recital at St. James's Hall, on Dec. 3, put forth a programme well calculated to manifest the comprehensive tastes and executive skill of the young pianist.

## THE LATE MR. W. BELL SCOTT, LL.D.

This gentleman, an accomplished art-student, painter, etcher, and man of letters, died, on Nov. 22, at Penkill Castle, Ayrshire, in his eightieth year. He was son of Robert Scott, the



THE LATE MR. W. BELL SCOTT, LL.D.

engraver, and was born at St. Leonard's, near Edinburgh, and educated at the Edinburgh High School. He settled in London about 1836, sent pictures to the exhibitions, and published philosophical poems. At the request of the Board of Trade he undertook, in 1844, the establishment of a school of art at Newcastle-on-Tyne. In 1850 appeared his memoir of his relative David Scott, R.S.A., succeeded by "Antiquarian Gleanings in the North of England," and "Ornamental Designs for Silver and Gold Work, with an Essay on Ornamental Design." In 1851 he published a series of allegorical etchings, and in 1854 his best-known work, "Poems by a Painter." During five years he was engaged in painting large pictures illustrating the English Border, at Wallington Hall, the seat of Sir Walter Trevelyan; and in 1868 he completed a series of mural paintings illustrating "The King's Quhair," on the staircase of Penkill Castle, the residence of the Boyd family. In 1869 Mr. Bell Scott published his "Albert Dürer, his Life and Works," a critical biography, with etchings by the author; in 1875 he republished many of his poems, with etchings by himself and Mr. Alma-Tadema, R.A. A folio volume entitled "William Blake—Etchings from his Work, with Descriptive Text," appeared in 1878; and in the following year a volume on German artists entitled "The Little Masters." In 1882 he proved his skill as an architect by building a mediæval hall at Penkill Castle.

Mr. Lafone, M.P., laid the foundation-stone on Nov. 29 of the Bermondsey public library, which is to cost about £7000. It is intended to make the new library one of the most complete in London, space being allotted for 80,000 volumes.

The weekly entertainment at Brompton Hospital on Dec. 2 was provided by Mr. T. P. Beckwith, the Chairman of the Committee of Management, and consisted of vocal and instrumental music by Miss Beckwith, the Misses Ethel and Lillian Beckwith, Miss Muriel Beckwith (violin), Mr. E. Colegrave (violin), and with amusing recitations by Mr. C. Fortescue Brickdale. The well-selected programme was efficiently carried out, constant and well-deserved applause testifying to the appreciation of the audience.

## THE PLAYHOUSES.

The last month of the year witnesses hosts of rotund and rubicund country cousins trooping to town to see the Cattle Show—and, mayhap, to pay-passing-visits to the Lyceum to admire Mr. Irving and Miss Ellen Terry in "Ravenswood"; to the Lyric to enjoy the best musical piece in town, "La Cigale"; to the Gaiety to laugh and have their ears tickled with its merry musical burlesque of "Carmen Up to Date"; or to be moved to mirth by Mr. Edward Terry at the theatre named after him in Pinero's comedy of "In Chancery"; or by Mr. Penley in the similarly funny farcical play of "The Judge" at the Opéra Comique. For others, London's grand smoking theatres are supremely attractive—the Alhambra and Empire, with the most resplendent of spectacular ballets, marvels of the choreographic and the costumier's arts, and the London Pavilion by reason mainly of the herculean weight-lifting performances of that prodigy of strength, Sandow, and his pupil Loris. Apropos of the Alhambra, its masterly *chef d'orchestre*, M. Jacobi, has finished the score of the new Christmas ballet at this house, "The Sleeping Beauty"; likewise the music of the comic opera he has long been engaged on, in conjunction with Mr. George R. Sims as librettist.

Many a time as the late Dion Boucicault's comedy of "London Assurance" has been revived, either to exploit some ambitious new actress desiring to shine as Lady Gay Spanker or to enable some buoyant old-young actor to flutter about the stage as a Dazzle in love with himself, it may be questioned if this essentially artificial example of the playwright's art or knack of manipulating living marionettes has ever been acted with more gaiety and briskness than is generally the case in the present revival at the Criterion. Mr. Charles Wyndham is the very actor of actors to galvanise "London Assurance" into a semblance of real life. He infuses such ceaseless and restless vivacity into the part of Dazzle that one is oblivious for a time to the utter unnaturalness of the character, and to the impossibility of some of the situations arranged with the characteristic sangfroid of a youthful author, and still allowed to remain unaltered. Mr. Wyndham's Dazzle is bright and breezy. His unfailing high spirits and dash carry him in such a whirl with young Courtly from Sir Harcourt Courtly's London mansion to hospitable Max Harkaway's Gloucestershire abode; his sunny audacity wins for him so quickly the friendship of honest Max Harkaway and sparkling Lady Gay Spanker alike; and his "cool cheek" (there is no other word for it) so dexterously steals from the side of his old beau of a father the fair Grace Harkaway Charles Courtly would wed, that Dazzle becomes a favourite in spite of himself, and the plausible adventurer's faults are almost condoned as the venial errors of a laughing philosopher. Having recovered only a short time from her severe illness, Mrs. Bernard-Beere is scarcely so gushing and lively as the majority of Lady Gay Spankers, especially in the familiar narration of her hunting adventure. But the spirit Mr. Wyndham throws into his acting has not improbably animated Mrs. Beere by this time, and Miss Mary Moore likewise, it is to be hoped, as this attractive young actress's Grace Harkaway was, on the first night, barely fresh and countenanced enough to "bring the scent of the hay across the footlights." She could not be anything else, however, than charming. A lighter touch would also have been desirable on the part of Mr. A. Bourchier, who had not acquired the true Criterion ease and sprightliness as Charles Courtly, but was, in truth, a rather lugubrious lover. Mr. William Blakeley, mirth-moving low comedian as he is, made his own particular droll eccentricities of grimace and action too conspicuous as Mark Meddle to be fairly "in the picture." The same may be said, in a less degree, of Mr. George Giddens's Dolly Spanker. Both might profit from the natural acting of Mr. H. H. Vincent and Mr. Cyril Maude as Max Harkaway and Cool, in which they were truly excellent. Costumed at the Criterion in the fashions of fifty years ago, "London Assurance" has a special attraction for the numerous class with whom "the gown's the thing" at the play.

The New Olympic will be a surprise to all who hasten to Wych-street to welcome Mr. Wilson Barrett's resumption of London management in a brand-new house of his own. The theatre, which opened with the new drama of "The People's Idol," is far larger than the Old Olympic; the pit and gallery alone accommodating over two thousand people, and the fine stage being one of the most capacious in the kingdom. Built for Mr. Wilson Barrett by Mr. Charles Wilmot (who appears to find theatre-building in town remunerative), the New Olympic has been constructed from the designs of Messrs. Crewe and Sprague, and well do Messrs. Holiday and Greenwood seem to have done their work. It is a positive pleasure to note the roominess and comfort of the dressing-rooms; to observe the ingenious and skilful appliances (notably Mr. Barrett's novel "gridiron") for saving time and labour "behind the scenes"; and especially, from a public point of view, to be assured from actual observation that an excellent view of the stage can be obtained from every part of the house. The tasteful Rose du Barri colour of the decorations imparts warmth and cheerfulness to the auditorium, which is handsomely furnished by the well-known firm of Messrs. Oetzmann and Co., and is decorated in the Louis Seize style by MM. Allard and Sons, of Paris. From the Prince of Wales's box a capital view is secured of both the stage and the house, the dimensions of which are really astonishing, considering the modest appearance of the front of the new theatre. Lit by electricity, the New Olympic has also a good supply of gas in case of need. It is satisfactory to learn that Mr. Wilson Barrett commences his management with a wholesome reduction of the usually exorbitant price of admission now levied at the majority of West-End theatres, and that the London County Council, in granting the certificate, were unanimous in approving the abundance of entrances and exits at the New Olympic. The opening drama of "The People's Idol," by Mr. Wilson Barrett and Mr. Victor Widnell, with Mr. Barrett himself, Mr. George Barrett, and Miss Winifred Emery in the principal characters, was set down for production too late in the week to be noticed in the present Number.

M. Gounod's "Mock Doctor" drew such good audiences recently at the Grand Theatre in Islington that Mr. Richard Temple has been induced to revive this gay comic opera at the Globe on the 6th of December. Another histrionic and musical item is that M. Maurel will, on the afternoon of Dec. 8, deliver a lecture at the Lyceum on "The Modern Development of the Lyric Art." To indicate the growing taste for theatre-going, it may be mentioned that Mr. C. Cordingley has opened a bijou opera-house, called the Lyric, at Hammersmith, and has been running "Les Cloches de Corneville," with Mr. Shiel Barry in his famous part of the Miser.

The wonderfully realistic Panorama of Niagara, having drawn to York-street during the three years it has been exhibited no less than 1,200,000 visitors, has been rolled up and sent to Chicago. Mr. John Hollingshead promises in its place on Christmas Eve a grand new cyclorama of Jerusalem at the time of the Crucifixion, painted by Karl Frosch. This has been painted on the same magnificent scale as "Niagara," and will doubtless prove similarly attractive.



## FOREIGN NEWS.

Queen Christina of Spain has received a telegram from Queen Victoria conveying her thanks and gratitude for the attentions shown by the Spanish Navy and other authorities to the survivors of the *Serpent*. By command of the Queen-Regent the Minister of Marine transmitted her Majesty's message to the naval and civil authorities at Corunna and Ferrol.

The Queen-Regent of Holland (who had previously taken the oath of Regency in the States-General) has issued a proclamation, which, after expressing her sorrow for the loss of her consort, states that the crown is now worn by her daughter, Wilhelmina, for whom she accepts the Regency, trusting in Divine aid and in the loyalty of her people. Queen Wilhelmina, accompanied by the Queen-Regent, left the Royal Castle at Loo on Dec. 1, and proceeded to the Palace at Noordeinde. The funeral train bearing the remains of the late King of the Netherlands arrived at The Hague in the afternoon, and was met by the Ministers and a large gathering of civil and military authorities. The coffin was borne to the Palace at Noordeinde, and placed in a mortuary chamber pending the interment. The procession was watched by an enormous crowd.

The monument to the Emperor William I. was unveiled at Charlottenburg in a blinding snowstorm. It is of colossal size, in bronze, while the pedestal is of marble. The German Emperor arrived, on Nov. 30, at the New Palace, near Potsdam, from Silesia, where he has been shooting. The 250th anniversary of the Great Elector of Brandenburg was celebrated, on Dec. 1, in Berlin, by a most impressive ceremonial, when military honours were paid to the statue of this ancestor of the Emperor William. The Empress Frederick, the Crown Princess of Greece, and Princesses Victoria and Louise of Schleswig-Holstein witnessed the parade from the windows of the Empress Frederick's palace. A State banquet took place in the White Hall of the Imperial Palace at Berlin, in commemoration of the event.—According to the Imperial German Budget for 1891-2, the amount required for the Army is more than 25,000,000 marks in excess of that of last year, while the

to revise that law until it has been fairly tried.—Serious apprehensions of a speedy attack of Indians upon the troops of the United States are still entertained, and alarming reports have been brought in by scouts. General Miles, who is in command of the United States troops in the region in which the Sioux threaten hostilities, has been to Washington to consult the authorities, and his plans have received the approval of the Secretary for War and the President, the General being allowed the fullest discretion, in the hope that an outbreak may be averted. Little Wound, one of the foremost of the rebellious Sioux chiefs, came into the Pine Ridge Agency, Dakota, on Nov. 27, and so far as that district is concerned danger seems to be removed.

The extraordinary Session of the Natal Legislative Council was formally opened on Nov. 27 by Sir Charles Mitchell, the Governor, who in his speech stated that the sole object of summoning the special Session was to pass the Bill authorising the raising of a loan of £2,000,000 to be employed on railway and harbour construction, and other public works.

Lord Connemara on Dec. 1 handed over the charge of the Government of the Madras Presidency to the Hon. J. H. Garstin, a member of the Council. Lord Wenlock has been appointed Governor of Madras, in succession to Lord Connemara.

The Queen has appointed Sir Edward Noel Walker, K.C.M.G., Colonial Secretary of Ceylon, to be Lieutenant-Governor of that island and its dependencies.

The Diocesan Synod of New South Wales has elected the Right Rev. Dr. Stanton, Bishop of North Queensland, to the vacant Bishopric of Newcastle.

## TESTIMONIAL TO SIR ROBERT HART, PEKIN.

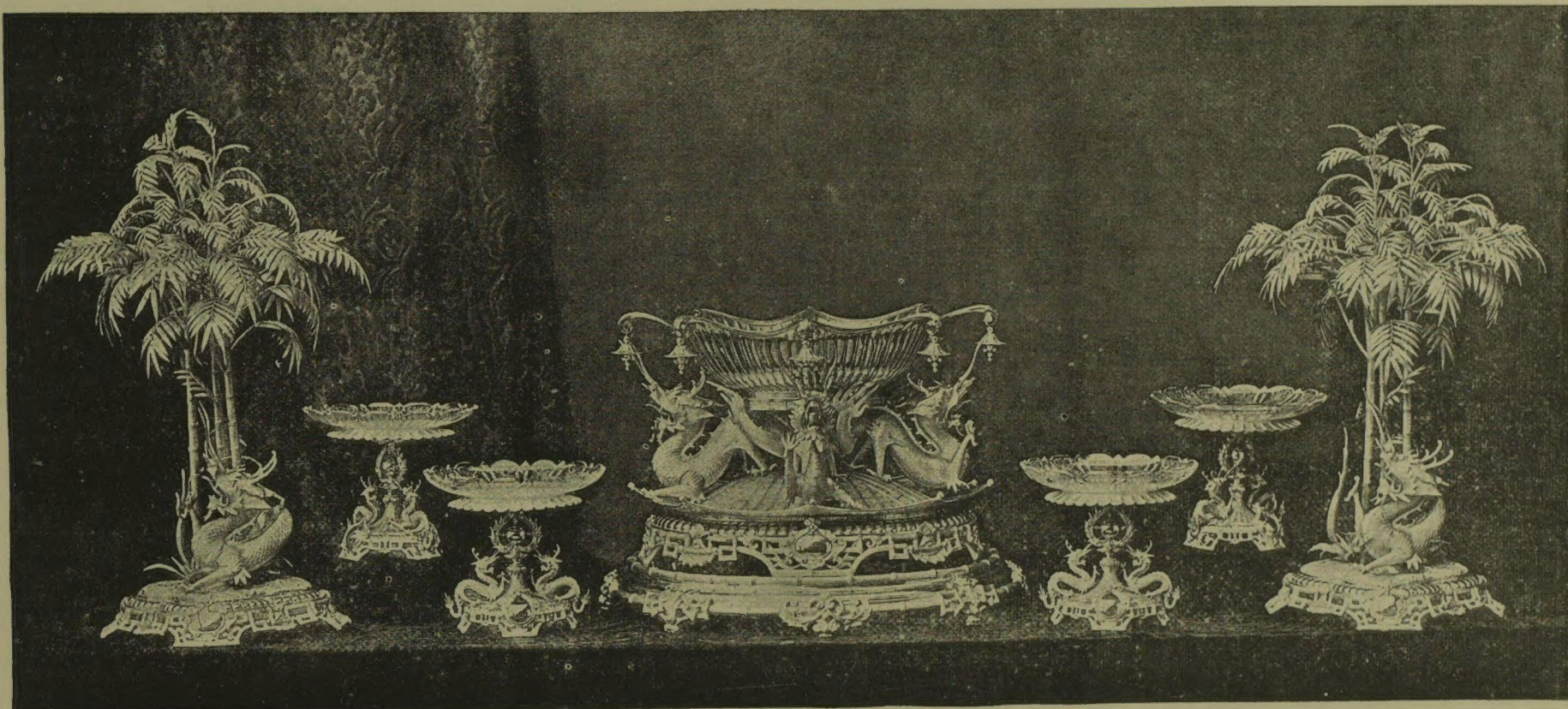
A testimonial of esteem has been presented to Sir Robert Hart, G.C.M.G., the Inspector-General of Chinese Imperial Maritime Customs, by the members of the service, both foreign and Chinese. This was the occasion of a double ceremony, in London and at Peking. The headquarters staff of the Inspector-General at the Chinese capital presented to Sir Robert,

## AN OPIUM DEN IN EAST LONDON.

The "opium dens" of the East-End, which flourished by the custom of Chinese and some Indian sailors, have been repeatedly described by Charles Dickens and other popular writers, but many of them have been shut up. It is probable that none of these odious establishments ever did half the mischief that was and still is done by the neighbouring gin-shop at the street corner. Excessive smoking of opium, though not so bad as chewing, is a vice that certainly has an enervating and debilitating effect, and that finally unfits a man for labour, so that he may die of starvation; but it does not excite furious passions, like drinking gin, rum, or whisky, or produce, like "bharg," the kind of active frenzy that prompts to crimes of violence. The opium-smoker will become a demoralised, helpless, wretched creature—unless he happens to be a man of high intellectual faculty and literary attainments, a De Quincey or a Coleridge, who nursed their genius on laudanum; but he will not "run amuck" with the Malay "creese," and is nobody's enemy but his own. To see four or five men deliberately stupefying themselves, and destroying nerve and brain, in a garret at the East-End, is a disgusting spectacle. They will be much better at the Strangers' Home for Asiatics, with a cup of coffee and, we hope, a wholesome pipe of tobacco. We have given some illustrations and a sufficient account of that useful and beneficent institution.

## THE AMERICAN NAVY.

Several illustrations have been given of the recent additions to the Navy of the United States, orders for which occupy all the steel-manufacturing firms in America, as well as the Government dockyards. In the past few months the cruisers *Charleston* and *Baltimore*, the gun-boat *Petrel*, the dynamite gun-cruiser *Vesuvius*, and the torpedo-boat *Cushing* have been placed in active service; and three cruisers—the *Concord*, *Newark*, and *Bennington*—have been launched, and are being fitted for sea. The armoured cruiser *Maine* is nearly completed at the Brooklyn Navy-yard. The *San Francisco* has been



TESTIMONIAL TO SIR ROBERT HART, G.C.M.G., INSPECTOR-GENERAL OF CUSTOMS IN CHINA.

expenditure on the Navy shows an increase of 7,000,000.—Dr. Von Gossler has announced to the Lower House of the Prussian Diet that the Minister of Finance will place the necessary funds at the disposal of Dr. Koch. He added that a gentleman has given 1,000,000 marks, which is to be devoted to the benefit of poor persons suffering from tubercular disease. Herr Von Bleichröder, the great financier and British Consul in Berlin, is stated to be the anonymous donor.—The German Chancellor has visited the Saxon Court, and has been presented with a high order by the King. A dinner in his honour was given in the Royal Palace at Dresden.—During the discussion in the German Reichstag on the Heligoland Bill the Minister of State expressed his thanks to the British Government and the late Governor of the island for the manner in which they had facilitated the arrangements of the German authorities in connection with the transfer.

The Emperor of Austria, who arrived in Vienna from Gödöllő on Nov. 29, left next day for Trieste to meet the Empress on her return from Corfu.—The Christmas exhibition at the Austrian Museum in Vienna has been opened, and is a brilliant show of art and industry.—Early on the morning of Nov. 28 an earthquake shock was felt at Presburg, Hamburg, and Deutsch-Altenburg, and throughout the Danube valley near the Austro-Hungarian boundary.

The Crown Prince and Princess of Denmark returned to Copenhagen on Nov. 30.—The new steel armoured cruiser *Hekla* was successfully launched at Copenhagen on Nov. 28 from the yard of the Royal Works. She is 225 ft. long, has a burthen of 1280 tons, and engines of 3000-horse power. She will be armed with two six-inch guns, four fifty-seven millimetre guns, six Hotchkiss guns, and two torpedo guns.

The Roumanian Chambers were opened, on Nov. 27, by King Charles. The speech from the Throne, after expressing confidence in the continuance of European peace, declared that the finances of the country were in a favourable condition.

Miss Kate Marsden has been received in private audience by the Russian Empress at Gatchina, preparatory to starting on her projected journey to Siberia to visit all the hospitals and prisons for the purpose of investigating leprosy. Her Imperial Majesty received Miss Marsden with most gracious amiability, and assured her of every possible assistance and support.

President Harrison, in his message to the United States Congress, which was delivered on Dec. 1, alludes to beneficial results derived from the new British extradition treaty. He speaks hopefully of settling the Behring Sea difficulty by arbitration later on. It is too soon, he says, to speak of the results of the new tariff, but he thinks it unwise and unjust

on behalf of the service, a silver casket, containing an illuminated address in English and Chinese; and in London, on Nov. 20, a large deputation, composed principally of members of the service at home on leave, delivered to Lady Hart, at her residence in Cadogan-place, the silver plate itself, decorated with fruit and flowers. This plate was designed and manufactured by the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company, 112, Regent-street. It consists of a handsome centrepiece and four dessert-stands, with two candelabra. The centrepiece takes the form of a Chinese pagoda, supported by four dragons, and resting on a plateau embellished with bamboo borders. The dessert-stands match the centrepiece, and have, on the base of each, two dragons, looking towards the Chinese emblem of the Sun. The candelabra represent a cluster of bamboo palms, with a Chinese dragon twisting round the stems and binding all together; the groundwork being adorned with bamboo borders in harmony with the other pieces of plate.

The management of the Royal Victoria Hall, Waterloo-road, announces for Thursday evenings ballad and operatic concerts, the caste for which includes many well-known names and favourites.

Mr. Robert Morley has been elected hon. secretary to the Royal Society of British Artists, in succession to Mr. H. H. Cauty, who has been appointed to a mastership in the painting schools of the Royal Academy. Mr. Cauty has been presented with a gold watch and chain, in recognition of the services rendered by him to the society as honorary secretary.

Professor E. Hull, F.R.S., read a paper, on Dec. 1, at the opening meeting of the session of the Victoria Institute, in which he described the Geological History of Egypt and the Nile, and, aided by diagrams, showed that the ocean was once 500 miles broad between the Morocco and Ahaggar Mountains, and spread out over the Libyan desert, the mouth of the Nile being at 12 deg. north latitude.

The marriage of the Hon. Francis Leigh, eldest son of Lord Leigh, to Miss Hélène Beckwith, daughter of the Hon. N. Beckwith (U.S.A.), was solemnised on Nov. 29 at St. George's, Hanover-square, in the presence of a large and fashionable congregation. The service was fully choral, and the ceremony was performed by Canon Leigh, uncle of the bridegroom, assisted by the Rev. A. H. Russell, Rector of Whitnash. The bride was given away by her brother. There were eight bridesmaids. The Hon. Agnes Leigh and the Hon. Cordelia Leigh, sisters of the bridegroom; the Misses Violet and Alice Leigh, Miss Leveson-Gower, Miss Cholmondeley, Miss Martin, and Miss Marguerite Beckwith. Viscount Dungarvan was best man.

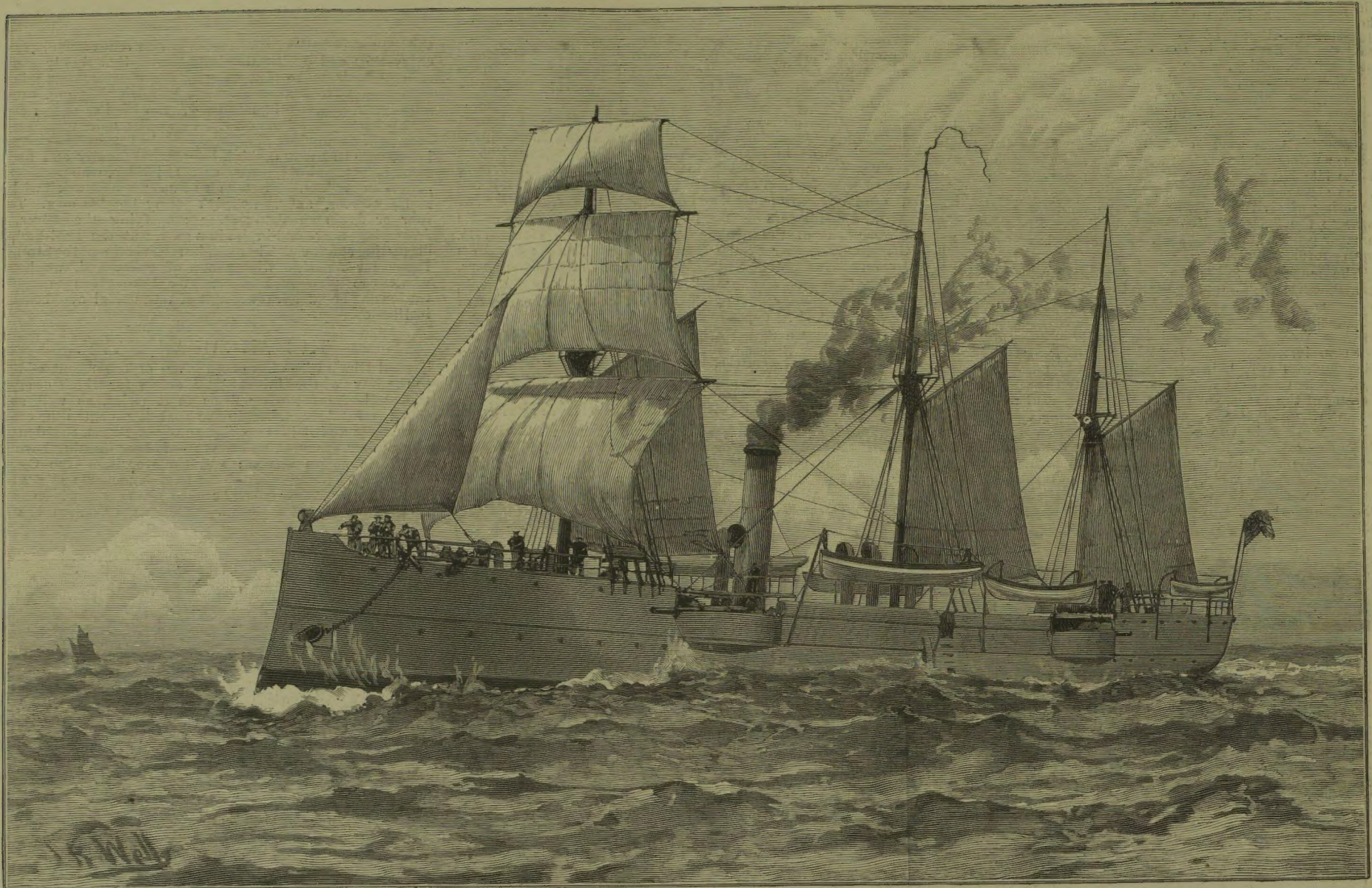
constructed on the Pacific Coast, with the coast-defence monitor *Monterey*, sufficiently advanced for early launching. The Union Ironworks there also have contracts for a protected cruiser, partially completed, and one battle-ship. The Cramp Shipbuilding Company at Philadelphia have one armoured cruiser, to be completed in two years, are finishing the *Newark*, and are commencing two battle-ships and one protected cruiser. The Columbia Ironworks at Baltimore are building two protected cruisers, to be finished by June 1892. Harrison Loring, of Boston, is building one 2000-ton cruiser, to be finished in 1892. Two gun-boats are being built at the Bath Ironworks, at Bath, Maine. The armoured cruiser *Texas* is being constructed at Norfolk, and two other cruisers at Government yards. Here are sixteen new naval vessels, most of them of high class, under construction or about beginning, besides the various ships already added to the United States Navy during the year. Taking all kinds not yet actually in service and accepted by the Government, the new construction for 1890 represents four battle-ships, nine cruisers (six of them protected), one coast defence vessel, four monitors, two steel gun-vessels, one steel practice ship, one dynamite gun cruiser, one torpedo cruiser, and two torpedo-boats—a total of twenty-five ships. The gun-vessel *Petrel*, of which is shown an illustration, was built at the Columbia Ironworks, Baltimore.

The following are the names of those appointed to preach in the Chapel Royal, St. James's, during December: 7th, the Sub-Dean of the Chapels Royal; 14th, the Rev. Harry Jones; 21st, the Rev. Hon. A. Phipps; 28th, the Rev. Arthur Robins.

By command of her Majesty, the exhibition which is to be opened at the New Gallery in January, and which it was intended to call the Hanover Exhibition, will now be styled an "Exhibition of Pictures and Objects of Interest connected with the Royal House of Guelph."

The coming of age of the Marquis of Hamilton, eldest son of the Duke and Duchess of Abercorn, was celebrated on Nov. 29 with much festivity, at their Graces' Irish home at Baronscourt. The Lord Lieutenant and the Countess of Zetland and Lady Hilda Dundas arrived in the evening in time to witness a torchlight procession, and very extensive and effective bonfire illuminations of the district for miles around. The Duke and Duchess entertained at dinner and tea, in the spacious granary of the old farm, upwards of seven hundred of the farm labourers and their wives and families. The arrangements were personally supervised by the Duke and Duchess and the young Marquis, whose arrival was the signal for hearty cheering. In the evening there was a labourers' dance.





THE AMERICAN NAVY: U.S.S. PETREL, GUN VESSEL.



AN OPIUM DEN AT THE EAST END OF LONDON.





DRAWN BY H. M. PAGET.

*In some way, too, the scholar had possessed him of a Pharaoh still swaddled with his Memphian robes, and there he was propped up against the wall.*

"THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURES OF PHRA THE PHENICIAN."—SEE NEXT PAGE.



## THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURES OF PHRA THE PHENICIAN.

RETOLD BY EDWIN LESTER ARNOLD.

### CHAPTER XXI.

"Now, look you here, Sir," the old philosopher began, taking me by a tassel on my satin doublet, and working himself up until his eyes shone with pleasure, as he unfolded his mad visions to me. "Look you here, Sir! this bare and dingy dungeon that you rightly frown at is a cell more pregnant with ingenuity than ever was the forge of the lame smith of Lemnos. Vulcan! Vulcan never had such teeming fancies as I have harboured in my head for twenty years. Vulcan never coaxed into being such a lovely monster as I have hidden yonder. I tell you, young man," gasped the old fellow, perspiring with enthusiasm, "Prometheus was a tawdry charlatan in his service to mankind, compared with what I will be. He gave us fire, crude, rough, unruly fire!—unstable, dangerous—a bare, naked gift, spoilt even in the giving by incompleteness; but I, Sir—I have tamed what the bold Son of Clymene only touched. Ah, by the blessed gods! I think I have tamed it—fire and water, I have wed them at yon black altar—deadly foes though some do call them, I have made them work together, the one with the other. Oh, Sir, such servants were never yet enlisted by our kind since the great day of Cyclops! And to think these feeble shaking hands whose poor sinews stand from the wasted flesh like ivy strands about a winter tree, have done it,—and this poor head has thought it, persistent and at last successful, through bitter months of toil and anguished disappointment!"

"But, Sir," I said gently, as the old man checked his incoherent speech for breath—"this monster, Sir, this 'lovely monster,' what is it?"

"Ah! I was forgetting you did not know. Look, then! and though you had been unfamous all your other life, this moment of precedent knowledge above your fellows shall make you for ever famous." And the old man, like a devotee walking to a shrine, like a lover with hushed breath and brightly kindling eye stealing to his mistress's hiding-place, led me up to a cavernous recess near the forge, and there lay hands upon a rent and tattered drapery of rough sail-cloth, stained and old, and, making a gesture of silence, pulled it back.

In the dim, weird enchantment of that place, I had been prepared for anything. It was a knightly fashion of the times to be credulous, and that black cobwebbed den, that mad philosopher so eloquently raving, and all the late circumstance of my arrival fitted me to look for wonders. I had followed him across the grimy floor, pitted with grey pools of furnace-water, through the reek and twining strands of smoke that filled that nether hall; and lastly, when he laid a finger to his lip, and, so reverent and awful, drew back that ancient tattered screen, I frowned a little, stepping back a pace, and drew my ready sword six inches from its scabbard, and watched expectant to see some hideous, horrid, living form chained there—some foul offspring of darkness and accursed ingenuity—some hateful spawn of wizard art and black mother night—some squat, foul, misshapen Caliban—some loathsome thing—I scarce knew what, but strong and sullen and monstrous, for certain! And, instead, the screen ran rattling back, and there before me, in a neat-swept space, and on a platform of oaken planks—glossy in new forged metal, shined with untarnished filings, gleaming in the pride of burnished brass and rivets—high, bulby, complicated, a maze of pistons and levers and wheels, was a great machine.

Somehow, as I saw that ponderous monster, so full of cunning although so lifeless, a tremor of wondering appreciation ran through my mind; that soulless body fascinated me with a prophetic fear and awe which at another time and in another place I should have laughed at.

I put back my sword, smiling to think it had been so nearly drawn, but yet stood expectant, half wondering, half hoping I knew not what, and gazing raptly on that mighty iron carcass perched there like some black incubus, almost fancying all the love and fear and hope that had gone to fashion its steel limbs or iron sinews might indeed have filled it with a soul that should, as I looked, become articulate and manifest beneath my eyes; half hoping, in my ignorance, that indeed the quintessence of human labour, here consummate, might have got on all that plastic, dull material, some wondrous firstling spirit of a new estate, some link between the worlds of substance and of shadow! And if it so fascinated me, that old man, to whom it owed its being, was even more enthralled. He stood before the shrine with locked hands and bent head, apostrophising the silent work. "Oh, child of infinitely painful conception," he muttered, "surely—surely you cannot disappoint me now! Near twenty years have I given to you—twenty years of toil and sweat and ungrudging hope. Long, hot summers have I worked upon you, and dank, dull winters, making and un-making, building and taking down again, contriving, hoping, despairing, living with you by day and dreaming of you through nights of fitful slumber—surely, dear heir of all my hopes, the reward is at hand, the consummation comes!"

"See!" he cried, "how perfect it is! Here in this great round cylinder is room for fire and water. The fire lies all along in that gully-trench that you can note here through this open trap, and those curling pipes take the hot flame up through that void that will be filled with the other element. Now, when water boils, the vapour that comes from off the top is choleric and fiery past conception. This has been known for long, and John Homersham tried to utilise it by letting the vapour on the spread digits of a wheel; Farnelli of Angoulême suffered it to escape behind his engine—both ways so wasteful that no mortal furnace could keep up power sufficient to be of useful service. But I have bettered these and many others: nothing is wasted here—the hot gases are stored and stocked as they rise above the boiling liquid until they are as strong as the blustering son of Astræus and Aurora, and then, by turning one single tap, I suffer them to escape down yonder iron way, there to fall upon the head of that piston that with a mighty send gives before them and spins the great wheel above, and comes back on the impetus, and takes another buffet from the labouring vapour, and back it goes again, now this way and now that, twirling with fiery zeal those notched wheels above, and working all those bars and rods and pistons. Not one thing of all this complicated structure but has its purpose; not one rivet in yonder thousands but means a month of patient toilsome thought and labour. Moreover, because it is so strong and heavy, I have put the whole upon that iron carriage, which took me a year to forge, and those solid back wheels are locked with the gear above, and from the axle of that front wheel two chains run up and turn upon a cylinder, so that my sweet one can move at such pace as yet I cannot even think of, and guide himself—in brief, is born and consummate!"

Then, presently, he turned from babbling to his "child," and speaking louder, with frenzied gestures, the while he strode up and down before it, went wild upon the wondrous things

it should do. "It will not fail, I know it! My head is fairly mazed when I forecast all that here with this begins as possible. It shall run, Sir," he cried, turning rapturously to me—"and fly, and walk, and haul, and pull, and hew wood and draw water, and be a giant stronger than a thousand men, and a craftsman in a hundred crafts of such subtlety and gentleness and cunning as no other master craftsman ever was. Down, into ages not yet formed in the void womb of the future, this knowledge I have mastered shall extend, widening as it goes, and men shall no longer strive or suffer; there stands the patient beast on whose broad back another age shall put all its burdens. There is the true winged horse of some other time that shall mock the slow patter of our laggard feet, and knit together the most distant corners of the world within its giant stride. Oh! I can see a happy age, when base material labour shall be over, and men shall lie about and take their fill of restfulness as they have not done since the gates of Eden were shut upon their ancient father's back! I do see, down the long perspectives of the future, such as you achieving all things both by sea and shore, ploughing their fields for unborn peoples and drawing nets, carrying, fetching, far and near, swift, patient, indomitable! Ah! and winging glorious argosies—mighty vessels such as no man dares dream of now; vast, noble bodies inspired each with such a soul as lies impatient yonder; and those shall plough the green sea waves in scorn of storm and weather, pouring the wealth of far Cathay and Ind into our ready lap, making those things happy necessities which now none but some few may dare to hope for; bringing the spice the Persian picked this morning to our doors to-morrow, bringing the grape and olive unwithered on their stems, bringing fair Eastern stuffs still wet from out their dye-vats!"

"Jove, old man! that moves me. I was a merchant once. Your words do stir my blood down to the most stagnant corner of my veins!"

"—Bringing pearls from Oman still speckled with the green sea-dew upon them, and sapphires from rugged Ural mines still smelling of their fresh native mother earth; bringing, in swift, tireless keels, Novia Zembla furs and costly feathered trophies from the South; bringing Biafra's hoards of ivory and Benin's stores of blood-red gold; bringing gems warm from tepid sands of Arracan, and sandal-wood from seagirt Nicobar. Ah! pouring the yellow-scented corn of every fertile flat from Manfalout to ancient Abbasiyeh; pouring the Tartar's millet and the Hindoo's rice into our hungry Western mouths; making those rich who once were poor, and those noble who once were only rich; benefiting both great and little—benefiting both near and far! And I shall have done this—I, poor Master Andrew Faulkener, a man so shabby and so seeming mean, no one of worth or quality would walk! the same side of the road with him!"

So spoke that good fanatic, and as he stopped there came a gentle tap upon the door, and a fair face in the sunlight, and there was Mistress Elizabeth saying, with a merry laugh: "Father! the cloth is laid, and the meal is spread, and old Margery bids me add that, if to-day's roast is spoiled by waiting, as the last one was, she'll never cook capon for thee again!"

and coming down the maid laid a hand of gentle insistence upon her father's sleeve, and led him sighing and often looking back up the green stone steps, I following close behind. We crossed the sunny courtyard, entering on the farther side the other rambling buttress-wing of that ancient pile. Thence we went by clean white flagstoned passages and open oaken doorways to what was once the long servants' dining-hall. At the near end of the middle table of well-scrubbed boards, so thick and heavy they might have come from the side of some great ship, a clean white slip cloth was laid, with high-backed chairs, one at the head for Adam Faulkener, and two on either side for me and her, and lower down again were put, below the great oaken salt-cellar, two other places. By one of these stood Dame Marjorie, fair Elizabeth's old nurse, an ancient dame in black-velvet cap and spotless ruff and linen, with a comely honest old country face above them, wrinkled and coloured like a rosy pippin that has mellowed through the winter on a kitchen cornice shelf. Such was Dame Marjorie, and, while she curtsied low with folded hands, I bowed as one of my quality might bow in respect to her ancient faithfulness. At the other chair stood their Spanish steward, black Emanuel Marcena. Yes, and as you may by this time have guessed, that steward was, in flesh and blood, none other but the midnight visitor who had disturbed my rest the night before. I could not doubt it. He wore the same clothes, his swarthy, sullen face was only a little more lifelike now in the daylight, and, if more evidence were wanting, one finger of his left hand—that hand that had held the bloody handkerchief—was done up with cobwebs and linen threads. I knew him on the instant, and stopped and stared to see my vagrant shadow so prosaically standing there at his dinner place, picking his yellow teeth and sniffing the ready roast like a hungry dog. And when he saw me he too started, for I also had been dreadful to him. I was the exact counterpart of that amber gallant that had strode out upon his moonlit heels and scared him with a shout, where, no doubt, he fancied no shouters dwelt, and now here we were face to face, guests at the same table, surely it was strange enough to make us stare!

But, over and above the prejudice of our evening meeting, I already distrusted and disliked Emanuel Marcena. Why it was I do not know, but so much is certain, if one may love, no less surely may one hate, at first sight, and, as our eyes met, hatred was surely born in his, while mine, as like as not, told, through their steady stare, of aversion and dislike. He was a sullen, yellow fellow, lean and tall, with black, crafty eyes set near together; a thin nose, shaped like a vulture's beak; a small peaked beard, and black hair closely cropped, a crafty, cunning, cruel, ungenerous-looking fellow, who had somehow, it afterwards turned out, grown rich as his master's fortunes failed. He had come into Faulkener's service when a boy, had flourished while he flourished, and learnt a hundred shifts of cruelty and pride from the gay company who once were proud to call his master comrade, and now, like the black fungus that he was, had swelled with conceit and avarice past all conceivable proportions.

Well, we exchanged grim salutations, and sat, and the meal commenced. But all the while we ate and talked I could not help turning to that crafty steward, and each time I did so I found his keen, restless black eyes wandering fugitive about among us. Now he would glance at me over his porringer, and then a half-unconscious scowl dropped down over those dark Cordovan brows. Then perhaps it was the old man he looked at, and a scarce-hidden smile of contempt played about the corners of that Southern's mouth to hear his master babble or answer our talk at random. Lastly, my sleek Iberian would set his glance on sweet country Bess as she sat at her father's side, and then there burnt under his yellow skin such a flush of passion, such a shine of sickly love and aspiration as needed no interpreting, and made me frown—small as my stake was in that game I saw was playing—as black as ink night. But what did it matter to me who picked that English blossom? Why should she not lie on that mean Spanish bosom for ever if she would—'twas less than nothing to me, who would so soon pass on to

other ventures—and yet no man was ever born who was not jealous, and, remembering how we had met, how sweet she was and simple, what native courtesy gilded her country manners, what music there was in her voice, and how black that villain looked beside her, I, in spite of myself, resented the first knowledge of the love he bore as keenly as though I had myself a right to her.

Pious, sanctimonious Emanuel Marcena! He stood up saying his grace for meat long after all of us were seated, and crossed his doublet a score of times ere he fell on the viands like a hungry pike. And he was cruel, too. A little thing may show how big things go. He caught a fly while we waited between two courses, and, thinking himself unwatched, held it a moment nicely between his lean, long fingers, then, drawing a straight fine pin from his sleeve, slowly thrust it through the body of that buzzing thing. He stuck the pin up before him, by his pewter mug, and watched with lowering pleasure his victim gyrate. That amused him much, and when the creature's pain was reduced to numbness he neatly tore one prismatic wing from off its shoulder, and smiled a sour smile to watch how that awoke it. Then, presently, the other wing was wrenched palpitating from the damp and quivering socket, and the victim spun round upon the iron stake that pierced its body. And all this under cover of his dinner-mug, ingenious, light-fingered Emanuel Marcena!

Such was the steward of that curious household. Over against him sat the excellent old country dame, whose mind wandered no further than to speculate upon the price of eggs next market day, or how her bleaching linen fared; above was the wise-mad scholar, bent and visionary; and by him, ruddy in her country beauty, that wild hedge-rose of his. And as I looked from one to other, and thought of what I was and had been, all seemed strange, unreal, fantastic, and I could only wait with dull patience for what fortune might have next in store.

It was a pleasant, peaceful place, that manor hall! When we had finished our midday meal, and the servitors had gone to their duties, Master Faulkener said a walk in the green fields might do him good—he would go out and take the country air. It was a wise resolve, and he made a show of carrying it through, but he had not crossed the courtyard towards the sunny meadows when he got a sniff of his own smouldering furnace fires. That was too much for him. The scholar's rustic resolution melted, and, glancing furtively behind, we saw him presently steal away towards his cellar, and then drop down the stairs, and bar the door, and soon the curling smoke and dancing sparks told that wondrous thing of his was growing once again.

Thus I and the maid were left alone, and for a little space we stood silent by the diamond-latticed window, scarce knowing what to say—I looking down upon that virgin bosom, so smoothly heaving under its veil of country lawn, she thinking I know not what, but pulling a leaf or two to pieces from her window vine. And so we stood for a time, until the lady broke the silence by asking if I would wish to see the house and gardens with her. It was a good suggestion and a comely guide, so we set out at once.

She led me first back through her garden again, naming every flower and bush by country names as we went along, and this brought us to the empty house-front, which we entered. She took me from room to room, and dusty corridors to corridor, chatting and laughing all the way, talking of great kinsmen, and noble fickle guests who once had called her father friend—all with such a light, contented heart it sounded more like fairy story than stern material fact. Then that tripping guide showed me the one door I had not found which led through into the rearward house. Here again I told her of how I had hunted in vain for such a passage, and she laughed until those ancient corridors resounded to her glee. This door admitted to another region, which we entered, and soon Elizabeth led on down a dusty flight of twilight wooden stairs, until a portal studded with iron barred our way. At this, putting a finger to her mouth in mysterious manner, the damsel asked if I dared enter, to which my answer was that, with sword in hand, and her to watch, I would not hesitate to prise the gates of hell; so we pulled the heavy sullen bolts, and the door turned slowly on its hinges. There before us was displayed a long dusty corridor, lit by high narrow cobwebbed lattice windows down one side, and dim with moss and stain of wind and weather. From end to end of that soundless vestibule were stacked, and piled, and hung, such mighty stores of various lumber, rare, curious, dreadful, as never surely were brought together before.

It was Andrew Faulkener's museum-room—the place where he put by all the strange shreds of life and death he collected when the scholar's fervour was upon him, and now, as his sweet daughter laid one finger on my arm and softly bid me listen, directly down below and under us we heard him hammering at his forge.

"Oh, Sir," began that maid, whispering in my ear and sweeping her expressive arm round in the direction of those mounds and shelves, "did ever child have such a father? This is the one room that is forbidden me, and it is the one room of our hundreds that I take a most fearful pleasure in. I do wrong to show it, and, indeed, I had not brought you here but that something tells me you are good comrade, true and silent both in great and little. Therefore step lightly and speak small: there is nothing in all the world that stirs my father's choler but this—to hear a vagrant foot overhead among his treasures."

Softly, therefore, as any midnight thieves we trod the dust-carpeted floor, and now here, now there, the damsel led me. Now it was at one oriel recess where stood a black oak table and open chests piled with vellum books, all clasped and bound with gold and iron, that we paused in. And I opened some of those great tomes, and read, in Norman-Latin or old Frankish-French, the misty record of those things of long-ago that once had been so new to me. I spelt out how the monkish scribe was stumbling through a passage of that diary that I had seen Cæsar write—saw him repeat, as visionary and incredible, in quaint and crabbed cloister scrawl, the story of the Saxon coming, and how King Harold died. I turned to another book, a little newer, and read, 'mid gorgeous uncials, the story of that remote fight above Crecy, "when good King Edward, with a scanty band of liegemen, was matched against two hundred thousand French about yon ville of Crecy, and by the Grace of God withstood them upon an August day"—and I could have read on and on without stop or pause down those musty memory-rousing pages, but for the gentle interruptor at my side, who laughed to see me so engrossed, and shut the covers to, little knowing of the thoughts that I was thinking, and took me on again.

Then she would halt at a pile of splendid stuffs, half heaped upon the floor, half nailed against to the wall, the hangings of courtly rooms and thrones; and, as her sympathetic female fingers spread out the folds of all those ruined webs, I read again upon them, in tarnished gold and filigree, in silken stitching and patient, cunning embroidery, more stories of old Kings and Queens I once was comrade to. On again, to piles and racks of weapons of every age and time: all these I knew, and poised the javelin some Saxon hand had borne in war,



and shook, like a dry reed, the long Norman spear, and whirled a rusty pirate scimitar above my head until it hummed again an old forgotten tune of blood and lust and pillage, and, with a stifled shriek, the frightened gill covered from me.

Oh! a very curious treasure-house, indeed! And here the scholar had laid up skins and furs of animals, and there horns and hoofs and talons. Here, grim, melancholy, great birds were standing as though in life, and crumpling, as they waited, with neglect and age. There, in a twilight corner, glimmered the green glassy eyes of an old Thebeian crocodile, and there the shining ivory jaws of monstrous fishes, with warty hides of toads, and shrivelled forms of small beasts dried in the kiln of long-silent ages and now black, shrunken, and ghastly. On the walls were pendant enough simples and electrics to stock twenty witches' dens, enough mandrake, hellbore, blue monkshood, purple-tinted nightshade to unpeople half a shire, and along by them were withered twigs and leaves would banish every kind of rheum; samples of wondrous shrubs and roots, all neatly docketed, would cure a wife of scolding or a war-horse of a sprain, would cure an adder's bite, or by the same physic mend a broken limb, ah, and bring you certain luck in peace and war, or light, all out of the same virtue, the fires of love in icy, virgin bosoms.

In that quaint anteroom, dimly illumined by its cobwebbed windows, were astroboles and hemispheres from the cabin poops of sunken merchantmen; charts, whereon great beasts shared with pictured savages whole continents of land, and dolphins and whales did sport where seas ran out into unknown vagueness. There were models of harmless things of foreign art and commerce, and cruel iron jaws and wheels with bloody spikes or beaks for breaking bones or tearing flesh, and teaching the ways of fair civility to heretics. That old man had got together twenty images of Baal from as many lands, and half a hundred bits of divers saints. Here, tied with the strand of the rope that hanged him, was the skin of a dead felon, and near was the true shirt of a martyr whom the Church had canonised a thousand years before. In some way, too, the scholar had possessed him of a Pharaoh still swaddled with his Memphian robes, and there he was propped up against the wall, that kingly ash with mouth locked tight, whose lightest whisper once had made or marred in every court or camp from dusty Abaddah to green Euphrates, and brows set rigid, whose frown had once cost twenty thousand lives, made twenty thousand wives to widows, and eyes shut fast that seemed still to dream of shadowy empery—of golden afternoons in golden ages—a most ancient, a most curious fellow, and I stared hard at him, feeling wondrous neighbourly.

But I cannot tell all there was in that strange place. From end to end it was stocked with learned lumber, from end to end my sweet guide led me, pointing, whispering, and shuddering, all on tip-toe and in silence; and then, ere I was nearly satisfied, or had sampled one quarter of that dusty treasure-hall, she led me through a little wicket, down twenty stairs, and so once more into the fresh open air.

"There, Sir," she said, "now I have laid bare my father's riches to you. Is it not a wonderful corridor? Oh! what a full place the world must be, if one man can gather so much strange of it!"

I told her that indeed it was and had been full, right back into the illimitable, of those hopes and fancies to which all yonder shreds did hint of; and thus talking, I of infinite experience watching the sweet wonder and vague speculation dawning in those unruffled child-eyes of hers, we sauntered about the gardens and pleasant paths, and spent a sunny afternoon in her ambient fields.

(To be continued.)

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## NOVELS.

*Virginie A Tale of One Hundred Years Ago.* By Val Prinsep, A.R.A. Three vols. (Longmans).—The centenary memorial, in 1889, of the commencement of the great French Revolution in 1789 may have suggested to Mr. Val Prinsep, an artist of recognised talent, the historical groundwork of this interesting story. It is one by which, in our opinion, he will have also merited a good place among the authors of literary fiction. In no recent work of the kind have we found a more accurate and discerning study of the actual events and conditions of a momentous period so long past in the political and social life of a foreign nation; and this is effectively combined with the exhibition of imaginary characters, their individual private actions, and their domestic fortunes. It is certain that the minute researches of several French historians, especially M. Taine and M. Mortimer-Ternaux, with the examination of official archives and other contemporary documents, have made us now more intimately acquainted with the actual circumstances and personal agents of the Revolution than was possible some forty years ago. We can now regard Carlyle's magnificent rhapsody only as a powerful effort of imaginative genius; we can perceive the romantic unreality of Thiers and Lamartine, and the sectarian partiality of Louis Blanc. In the minds of well-instructed Frenchmen, also, while there is every sign that the nation has finally accepted Democratic Republicanism, unattended either by a violent conflict of classes or by an aggressive disposition towards monarchical States, the terrible orgies of Jacobin fanaticism, the insane counsels and atrocious deeds of 1791, 1792, and 1793, seem deplorable and shameful.

Those detestable excesses were indeed devised by a few of the vilest adventurers and wickedest schemers who ever contrived to obtain revolutionary power. But the popular frenzy which made them possible was entirely due to France being attacked, with fearful threats of vengeance on Paris, by a military coalition of the neighbouring European Monarchies, accompanied by the emigrant members of the French aristocracy and Royal family. Upon the reckless authors of that foreign war against the Revolution, in the first instance, rests part of the responsibility for the massacres of September 1792, for the death of the King and Queen, and for the Reign of Terror until July 1794. It is well for us to bear in mind these historical conditions in reading even a novel which contains truthful and vivid pictures of such hideous scenes and actions as those of the first French Revolution. We have twice seen, in our own lifetime—namely, in February 1848 and in September 1870—a French Republic brought into existence without any crime, outrage, or cruelty, or the tyranny of any Jacobin dictatorship. We have seen France enjoying freedom, peace, and orderly government under the Republic these twenty years past. In perusing stories of the first Revolution, tales of Parisian mob fury of wholesale proscriptions, of the slaughter in the prisons, and the dreadful work of the guillotine, we cannot ascribe those horrors either to Republican political doctrines or to inherent faults of the national character.

"Virginie" is a fine story abounding in personal dramatic interest. It is manifestly written by an author free from political prejudice, and capable of sympathy with the noble and amiable qualities of the French people. The heroine is the daughter of Jacques Le Blanc, the thriving proprietor and manager of the Couronne d'Or, a famous hostelry at Sèvres on the road between Paris and Versailles; he afterwards manages a restaurant, the Café de la Grande Nation, in a street near the Rue St. Honoré, where his artistic skill in cookery draws profitable custom. Virginie, being motherless, has been educated in a convent school at Chartres, scarcely ever seeing her father till he takes her to his house, where the insolent advances of profligate aristocrats and courtiers provoke his anger and alarm. But she has already, in visiting a school-fellow at Chartres, inspired one with respectful admiration and honourable love. This is the Comte Etienne de la Beauce, a nobleman of ancient lineage and of large estates, who had fought as an officer of the French Army in the cause of American Independence. It is at the time of that enthusiastic outburst of Liberal sentiment, in the National Assembly of 1789, which prompted many generous spirits among the French noblesse to throw away patrician privileges. La Beauce, then finding Virginie at Sèvres, persuades her to elope with him, but immediately marries her, and installs her as the mistress of his rural château. Two letters written to her father by the young Countess were perverted by a servant; so that Jacques Le Blanc is left to believe that his daughter, for whom he cherishes the fondest affection, has been seduced and disgraced. Meanwhile, except the sorrow of thinking her father is offended with her past forgiveness, Virginie leads a happy and honoured life with her husband at his country seat. She helps him to do good among the poor, and their château is spared and guarded by a loyal and grateful peasantry, when those of other nobles are attacked.

The rise of the Jacobins to dictatorial power, in the summer of 1792, brings distress and danger to this virtuous family. The Comte de la Beauce, denounced as an aristocrat, and falsely accused of plotting with the Royalists, is arrested and taken to Paris, where he is confined in the prison of the Abbaye. He is one of the very few prisoners of Sept. 3 whose lives were spared from the savage butchery purposely contrived by the Terrorists and facilitated by a false report of the capture of Verdun. In proving his innocence of treason and obtaining his release, La Beauce is aided by the very person who denounced him as a "suspect." This is one Rousselet, a member of one of the sectional committees of the Paris Commune, an austere disciple of the ideas of Rousseau, a poor painter employed in the Sèvres porcelain factory, a friend of Le Blanc, and a modest undeclared lover of Virginie. He, as well as Le Blanc, was under the impression that the Comte had wickedly led the maiden astray and ruined her; they also considered him an enemy to his country; but when Virginie comes to Paris they are undeceived, and make desperate efforts to undo the mischief. The Comte, after his deliverance, is sheltered with his wife and child, and with his cousin, Mademoiselle Celimène, in private apartments at Le Blanc's Café. He is called the Citoyen Fonville, and is presently, by the assistance of Carnot, the able War Minister, who had been his mathematical tutor, appointed a regimental officer in the Republican Army. In the campaigns of Flanders and Holland he earns rapid promotion; one of his soldiers is Jean Durand, a peasant from his own estate, formerly a desperate outlawed poacher, whose grateful fidelity was won by Virginie's kindness to his wife and child. The characters of Jean, the peasant, Rousselet, the half-educated, intellectual, enthusiastic artisan, and Jacques Le Blanc, the fussy, homely, good-natured bourgeois, cook and innkeeper, seem admirable types of different classes among the French people.

Further perils to the lives of the whole family of La Beauce and all their friends are produced, under the monstrous tyranny of Robespierre in the following year, by the machinations of a ruffianly spy, named Pinard, cherishing schemes of personal vengeance against both the Comte and Le Blanc, who have had to chastise him for several gross offences. This man, being drummed out of the army for theft, returns to

Paris, allows his wife to receive charity from Virginie, then insolently feeds at the café without payment, and levies blackmail from her and her father, by threatening to denounce her as a concealed aristocrat, and presently gets them both imprisoned in the Conciergerie, destined victims of the guillotine. They suffer extreme miseries, but are saved by the fall of Robespierre on July 27 (the ninth day of Thermidor) in 1794; La Beauce and his brave comrade Major Tamplin, with the faithful Jean Durand, have arrived from the army just in time to aid in overthrowing the cruel and iniquitous tyrant. These historical scenes are well described, and so is the period of reaction against the Jacobin domination which ensued. Rousselet was one of those honest Republicans, not the Girondists only, who had died on the scaffold, as, indeed, had been the fate of Danton, Camille Desmoulins, and other guilty fanatics of the Revolution, for opposing the ruthless Dictator. In April 1795, when there was a fresh insurrection of the vile faction intent on pillage and bloodshed, we find Pinard leading a mob to attack Le Blanc's house, and killed by La Beauce in its defence. The final victory of the cause of social order, some months later, was gained partly by the skill of young General Buonaparte, who figures to a small extent in the latter chapters of this story. La Beauce had attained the rank of General, but declined Buonaparte's offer to win glory in Italy and Egypt. After the death of Virginie's father he retired, with wife and child, to his home in the country, preferring a life of peaceful usefulness among his neighbours to the prospects of ambition. Celimène, a lively and charming young lady, became the wife of Tamplin, one of the distinguished soldiers of the Republic and of the Empire. Other persons in whom the reader will feel much interested are settled in a satisfactory manner. This novel has great merits, being well designed and well constructed, full of stirring incidents, and strongly infused with just and generous sympathies, while it is a vivid picture of those exciting scenes and times.

*The Honourable Miss.* By L. T. Meade. Two vols. (Methuen and Co.).—Except the attractive figures of two high-spirited and right-minded young ladies, Miss Beatrice Meadowsweet and Miss Catherine Bertram, neither of whom is entitled by her birth to a courtesy title derived from the peerage, we can discover no feminine personage in this novel who has any claim to honour; and the only woman deserving any respect or affection is Mrs. Meadowsweet, the simple, kindly, homely widow of a wealthy draper in the "old-fashioned town" of Northbury. All the other resident families, saving good Mr. Ingram, the elderly bachelor clergyman, are the silliest and vulgarest people we have lately been compelled to meet in fiction. The profuse description of their habitual doings and sayings, of the insolent curiosity and loquacity of Mrs. Butler and Miss Peters, the social spies and scandalous gossips, of that dreadful family the Bells, a foolish, sly, intriguing mother with three utter fools of daughters, indelicately eager to catch a husband for Matty Bell, and the details of their housekeeping, their dressing, their behaviour and conversation, are not very amusing.

They seem rather an odious and wearisome exhibition of social vices and stupidities, which would make us thankful not to live at Northbury, though we do not admit that society in small country towns is so bad as the novelists would have us believe. The plot of "The Honourable Miss" is singularly feeble and crude in design. A Mrs. Bertram, a widow lady of aristocratic bearing, with two daughters and a son, Captain Loftus Bertram, of the Royal Artillery, resides at Rosendale Manor. In India, before she married the late Major Bertram, she had been the wife of a scoundrel who for some robbery or forgery went to prison and died there; Loftus, her eldest-born, is really this criminal's son. But Major Bertram, who became her second husband, was also, by his preceding marriage with the daughter of a strolling musician, father of a child called Nina, who grew up a wild, beautiful, daring girl, in charge of her maternal grandfather, a mysterious old man known as Mr. Hart, making an odd poor living by trickeries in the picture trade. These shady antecedents are Mrs. Bertram's secret, unsuspected by her son and daughters, while she has a life income of £1200 a year, but the Captain's extravagance takes much of the money she would rather save for the two girls. To repair the family fortunes, therefore, Loftus is prompted by his mother to ask for the hand of Miss Meadowsweet, who will have £20,000. She does not much love him, but yields to the argument that she only can help him to be a good man. In such cases, as we have usually observed, the gentleman who appeals to feminine consideration upon that plea is an incorrigible sneak and deceiver. Loftus Bertram, in a profligate way, has already plighted his troth, if he has not gone further, to the wild, beautiful, daring girl who bears the name of Josephine Hart, and whom he met singing in the streets. She pursues him to Northbury, confronts his mother and himself, and is bribed with an annuity of £200 a year to keep out of the way. But this affair is discovered just in time by the heroine, Beatrice Meadowsweet, who thereupon breaks off her engagement a few days before the appointed wedding, and compels Loftus to marry the wild girl—the late Major Bertram's daughter, of course Loftus not being the late Major Bertram's son—Beatrice sacrificing part of her fortune to pay the young officer's debts.

## "THE PICTURESQUE MEDITERRANEAN."

The first volume of another magnificent work of illustrated descriptive topography, published also in monthly parts, has been received from Messrs. Cassell and Co., the enterprising firm whose splendid productions of this kind—"Picturesque Europe," "Picturesque America," "Picturesque Canada," "The Thames," and "The Rivers of Great Britain," with others of less costly form but instructive and attractive—have won a high degree of public favour. It is a noble literary and artistic design to exhibit the grandest and loveliest views, with the most interesting historical, poetical, and romantic local associations, of the shores and isles of that Great Inland Sea of the Old World, supreme and unique among all the waters of the globe's surface in the richness, diversity, and classic antiquity of its past memories, and in its uninterrupted witness of every phase of human civilisation—Egyptian, Phœnician, Greek, Carthaginian, Roman, Byzantine, Saracenic, mediæval, and modern, with successive ascendant races, military and maritime powers, empires and colonies, religions, languages, arts, tastes, laws, manners, ideas, and habits of life—during at least twenty-five centuries of the recorded history of mankind.

"The Picturesque Mediterranean" is a title appealing to every mind possessing even a slight tinge of acquaintance with the majestic panorama of retrospective vicissitudes and conflicting influences, social, intellectual, moral, and spiritual, as well as political and commercial, which is presented by the past conditions of Southern Europe, of the Levant, and of the North African coast. What diverse nations, what mighty rulers, what flourishing kingdoms and republics, what proud, wealthy, and luxurious cities, what mercantile and industrial activity, what emigrant settlements, what fleets and naval battles, what marching of armies to conquest, what campaigns





FOREST OF AITONE, CORSICA.

and sieges, what thrones erected and subverted, what a variety of famous actions, what profound changes of thought and sentiment, from Syria and Cyprus to the British Rock of Gibraltar, from the Homeric tale of Troy down to Garibaldi's exploits in Sicily and Naples and the new kingdom of Italy in Rome! This wonderful inland sea has beheld them all; in the unceasing conflict between the East and the West, how many powerful States, how many discordant forms of civilisation, Heathen, Mussulman, and Catholic Christian, Turkish or Moorish, Greek or Latin, the Crescent and the Cross, have striven for mastery of the coasts and islands; how many ports and towns, commanding fertile and populous lands, have been captured and destroyed! As Byron says—

Thy waters wasted them when they were free,  
And many a tyrant since.

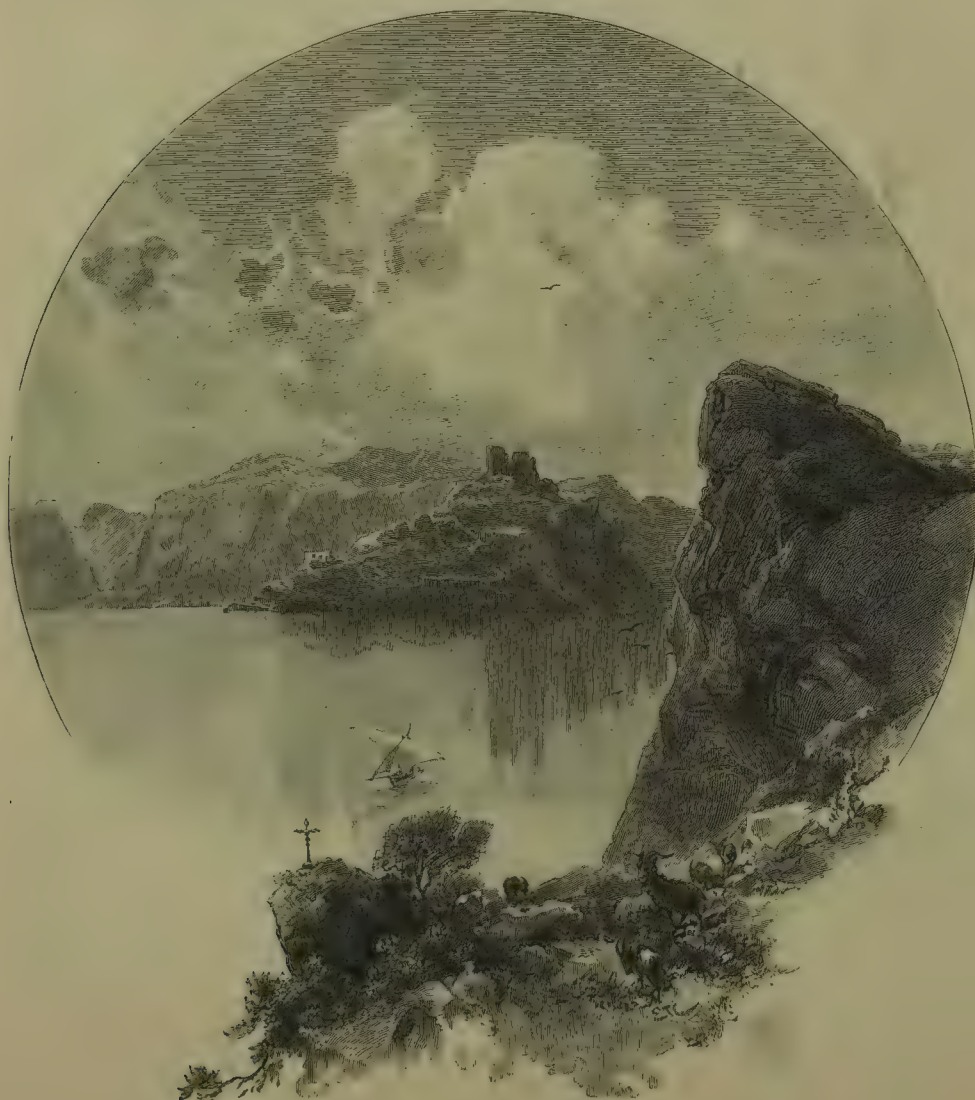
But the Mediterranean will never lose its majesty or its beauty; the ruins of Empires on its shores attest its claim as the birthplace of an ever progressive civilisation, in spite of secular revolutions, and as the intellectual home of all educated and

reflecting minds. Nature also has invested many parts of its coast with varied charms of scenery, and with effects of sunlit atmosphere, which few regions of earth can surpass. An acceptable memorial of these views is provided by Messrs. Cassell and Co., with the aid of skilful artists and engravers, and of competent writers, in the handsome book we have to notice, the first volume now lying on our table; but our space this week admits of a mere summary of its particular contents.

These consist of separate chapters or groups of topographical subjects, each having its special interest, but not arranged in any geographical or historical order, which would have much increased the difficulty of the task in general; they are "The Pillars of Hercules" (the Straits of Gibraltar), Smyrna, Marseilles, Corsica, the Syrian Coast, Genoa, Tunis, the Gulf of Corinth, Barcelona, Alexandria, the Eastern Adriatic (Dalmatia and Albania), and the Balearic Islands. The descriptive articles are written, in the above order, by Mr. H. D. Traill, Mr. Edward Dicey, Mr. Grant Allen, the Rev. H. B. Tristram, the Rev. T. G. Bonney, Sir Lambert Playfair, Mr. Charles Edwardes, Miss Matilda Betham-Edwardes, Mr. Eustace Ball, again Mr. Bonney, and Mr. C. Edwardes again; who are contributors already known for their previous acquaintance with the places described, and for their literary and historical studies there. The artists, each of whom furnishes a dozen or more drawings to illustrate one of the chapters—besides the coloured lithograph of Mr. Birket Foster's fine view of the Rock of Gibraltar—are Mr. John O'Connor, Mr. J. Macwhirter, Mr. J. Fulleylove, Mr. E. T. Compton, Mr. H. A. Harper, Mr. W. H. J. Boot, and Mr. C. W. Wyllie, several of them being employed on more than one group of subjects. We are permitted to select a few of the Engravings for the pages of this Journal: they are Mr. Macwhirter's View of Smyrna from the Sea; two of Mr. Compton's Views in Corsica—those of the Ascent of Monte Cinto and the Forest of Aitone; and the View of Cabrera, in the island of Majorca, also by Mr. Compton. A further examination of the contents of this volume, both literary and artistic, must be deferred to an opportunity of more leisure; but we are quite satisfied about the merits of the work, and can recommend it as one of considerable value, on themes of the strongest interest to all persons of cultivated taste.



SMYRNA, FROM THE SEA.



CABRERA, IN MAJORCA, BALEARIC ISLANDS.



ASCENT OF MONTE CINTO, CORSICA.





PREPARATIONS FOR AN ARCTIC VOYAGE.

## FROM LONDON TO SIBERIA. VOYAGE OF THE BISCAYA.

The grand feat of opening a navigable route for commerce by the Arctic Ocean north of Siberia and up one of the great Siberian rivers, which has repeatedly been attempted, and with which the name of Captain Wiggins, by his persevering efforts of brave seamanship, has been associated since 1874, was successfully accomplished this year. Two ships, the *Biscaya* and another steamer, with a small but powerful tug for the river work, were dispatched from London at the end of July and beginning of August; and though, owing to continuance of north-easterly winds, the Kara Sea was exceptionally full of ice, and the ships were in consequence detained for some days among the ice floes, they both, as well as the gallant little tug, reached Karaoul, 160 miles up the Yenisei, without accident, in thirty-nine days. After remaining there nineteen days they took twenty-six days to return, and were thus only eighty-four days, or two months and twenty-three days, away from the London Docks. At Karaoul they met the river expedition, which returned safe to Yeniseisk, for the purpose of landing and warehousing there the valuable cargo sent out from England. It had been pointed out that the real difficulty of the expedition lay in the 160 miles of estuary between Golcheka, at the mouth of the Yenisei, and Karaoul, at the head of the estuary, which the Russian Government had assigned as the port of discharge. Last year, as some may remember, the Labrador would not ascend to Karaoul, because Captain Wiggins refused to believe he could find water enough to take him there, and had no steam launch with him to feel his way up, and the river ship dared not descend owing to the gales that then prevailed. This year, careful investigation having in the meantime proved that there was a channel through the entire estuary, with sufficient water for ships of any draught, the two ships proceeded without let or hindrance on their way up the river to their ultimate destination.

Our Special Artist, Mr. Julius M. Price, was on board the *Biscaya*, and has furnished us with a series of interesting Sketches, two of which are engraved for this week's publication. They will be accompanied by the narrative that he wrote, beginning as follows, when he had reached the remote Siberian port in the river Yenisei, the destination of the vessel in which he had embarked:—

KARAUL, AUG. 17.

Here we are, so far arrived, safe and sound on our adventurous voyage. After a month's buffeting about on the wild northern seas, and many a wearisome but unavoidable delay, the *Biscaya*, as sound as the day she left Blackwall, to-day anchored in the Yenisei off Karaoul, having thus accomplished her



A DEAD RECKONING IN THE KARA SEA.



voyage without an accident, and in what is undoubtedly wonderfully good time considering the many obstacles she had to contend against. Our experience has been most novel and interesting, and one to be remembered and talked over for many long years to come. In these prosaic days of the nineteenth century one hardly expects a revival of the adventurous expeditions which made the fame of England in the days of Froisher and Drake. As a matter of fact, the world is almost too well known now for such adventures to be possible, even were the leaders forthcoming, and the "good old buccaneering days" are long past. Still, I could not help thinking, on the day we left Gravesend for the far North-East, bound for a region but little known and with the uncertainty of ever reaching our destination, that it must have been under somewhat similar conditions that the bold adventurers of old started on their perilous journeys; with, however, this very great difference—ours is not a filibustering expedition, but a commonplace commercial enterprise, backed up by several well-to-do Englishmen, with absolutely nothing of the romantic about it beyond the fact of its having to traverse these wild and comparatively unknown regions before it can be successfully achieved.

You will remember that we started from the Thames on Friday, July 18, in the chartered Norwegian steamer *Biscaya*, 800 tons gross, bound for the Yenisei River with a nondescript tentative sort of cargo consisting of a mixture of all sorts, from a steam saw-mill down to the latest toy for children, our ultimate destination being the town of Yeniseisk, which is situated some 1500 miles from the mouth of this mighty river. The object of the expedition was to endeavour to open a trade route between England and Siberia by means of the Kara Sea passage, which was discovered by Nordenskiöld in 1875.

Nothing of particular interest occurred during the first few days after we left the Thames. We were so closely packed that it required some careful arrangement to get us all comfortably stowed, so to speak. Imagine seven men jammed into a cabin just about large enough to accommodate four, and each man with the usual amount of superfluous luggage without which Englishmen could not possibly travel, this baggage also stowed in the cabin, and you will guess that we were packed like sardines. As, however, no doubt even sardines get used to being packed, after a time so did we, and, although the passage across the North Sea was about as uncomfortable as one as I ever experienced, we somehow managed to settle into our respective grooves long before we sighted the coast of Norway. Our party consisted of two representatives of the London Syndicate, two engineers, a master stevedore (to unload the ship on arrival), an experienced ice-master, who knew the Kara Sea thoroughly, the captain of the *Biscaya*, and your humble servant. I don't think I ever was on board a more crowded ship. Even the decks were packed with all sorts of paraphernalia, including a large steam-launch and several pens of live stock; and, so as to obviate any fear of running short of coal in the outlandish parts we were going to, the fore and upper decks had over seventy tons of loose coal on them. We had a head wind and a heavy sea nearly the whole way after passing Harwich, where we dropped our pilot, thus bidding a last farewell to Old England. Off the Dogger Bank we went right through the fishing fleet which congregates there, and took advantage of the opportunity to get some fresh fish—a matter of no small difficulty, as the men had a preposterous idea of its value: they would not take money for it, but actually had the effrontery to want to swap a couple of small cod, a ling, and a pair of soles for two bottles of whisky and a pound of tobacco! Fish is evidently dearer on the fishing ground itself than in London. Whisky, however, was far more valuable to us than fish, so, when the men saw we were not buyers on their terms, they eventually came down to 1½ lb. of ship tobacco (value 2s. 4d.) for the lot, which was reasonable enough. After passing the Dogger Bank the wind freshened very considerably towards evening, and added much to the discomfort of the crowded ship; in fact, so badly did she roll about that not only was all our party busy "feeding the fishes" most of the time, but our cook was also so ill that he could not attend to his duties, and we all had to lend a hand in the galley as well as we could. I have never been a long voyage in a wooden ship before, so could hardly sleep a wink all night, owing to the (to me) unusual noise caused by the groaning of her timbers as she pitched and tossed about. It sounded not unlike what I should imagine it would be sleeping near a lot of new leather portmanteaus which were being continually shifted. During the whole of the following day it was blowing big guns, and the sea was so heavy that the cabin was almost dangerous to remain in, owing to the sort of cannonade of packages from all sides, many things being damaged. There was absolutely nothing to do but sit down and wait events, and, meanwhile, make oneself as comfortable as one could under the circumstances. By the next day the gale had moderated considerably, and during the morning we got our first glimpse of Norway, a high, rock-bound coast, with a dim vista of mountains in the background. Shortly after, a small pilot-boat hove in sight, evidently on the chance of a job, probably taking the *Biscaya* for a tourist steamer wishing to pass inside the islands, which is the most picturesque route, though somewhat longer. We had no time, however, to waste on scenery, so, although one of our party, who was suffering from an attack of dysentery, offered to pay the pilotage (about £15) out of his own pocket if the calm-water channel was followed, it was at once decided to keep outside the whole way up the coast, and thus get on as fast as possible, more especially as the weather showed signs of clearing up.

On the Norway coast we anchored off the quaint little village of Aalesund, with its pretty wooden houses nestling under the high snow-clad mountains which encircle the beautiful fiord on which it is situated. I was disappointed on a nearer inspection of the village, which looked so quaint as seen from the sea: the houses all appeared to be almost new, doubtless owing to the fact that they are all built entirely of wood. The effect is thoroughly characteristic of Norway, the smell pervading the place especially so, being, as far as I could guess, a mixture of paraffin and pickled fish, with just a *souffron* of burnt wood thrown in here and there. Everything looked as clean as a new pin, but, as each house is exactly like its neighbour, the effect is certainly monotonous. Nevertheless, there were several pretty bits which I should have liked to sketch had I had time. What, if anything, struck me most was the entire absence of any national or picturesque costume, which gives such local colour to most Continental villages. At Aalesund the inhabitants looked for all the world like English people, and their fair hair and blue eyes added to this resemblance. I was told, however, that on fête days there are some quaint costumes to be seen here and there.

No time was lost in getting away, and shortly after we had lost sight of the quiet little village where we had spent a few lazy hours, and were heading it once more for the far-distant Arctic regions. The days after this date began to lengthen considerably, and, although we had hardly noticed it at first, it astonished us very much when we suddenly found that it was eleven o'clock at night, and yet the sun was shining as brightly as during the afternoon. When the

novelty had worn off, as it naturally did after a few days, the amount of daylight almost palled on one. It seemed too absurd turning in while the sun was up: still, like everything else, one gets used to it after a time. The next few days were uneventful, as we were out of sight of land, and the usual monotony of shipboard life was only broken by the usual sky-larking, without which no sea voyage would be complete.

On July 28 we sighted the Lofoden Islands, about fourteen miles off on our starboard quarter. It was a lovely morning, and the lofty snow-capped mountains towering against the calm eastern sky presented a grand and impressive sight. The effect was almost that of a colossal painting, so still was everything in the bright sunshine. I was so impressed by the quiet grandeur of the scene that I got out my paint-box and started a sketch, but only succeeded in making a sort of caricature of my impressions. Late the next evening we came across a fleet of small fishing-boats—about the quaintest lot of craft I ever saw: they looked as if they had been copied from the frontispiece of the *Argosy*. We got some coarse sort of fish from them in exchange for tobacco, biscuits, and the inevitable rum. The men were a very fine-looking set of fellows, very much like Englishmen (as, in fact, most Norwegians are), and seemed quite comfortable in their ramshackle-looking boats. After leaving them we saw for the first time the curious phenomenon of the sun above the horizon at midnight—it was so bright, and the atmosphere so clear, that I took an instantaneous photograph of a group on deck, and it came out very well. The next morning we arrived off the North Cape, and passed it close in to the shore. We were now well inside the Arctic Circle, but perceived no difference whatever in the temperature, except that perhaps it was warmer than it had been previously. As a matter of fact, we had out the hose and took a most enjoyable bath on deck in the warm sunshine. In the afternoon, however, we had our first taste of the Arctic regions, as a dense fog came on, and lasted till late in the evening. Everything seemed saturated with moisture, the very rigging was dripping as under a heavy shower. For the next few days nothing of interest occurred, when suddenly one morning, as we were nearing Kolguier Island, we were aroused by the news that there was a steamer in sight, and soon we were all on deck eagerly scanning the horizon. Considering how far we were from the ordinary track of vessels, our excitement was natural; for what was a ship doing in these outlandish parts? We soon made out that it was a large steamer, coming from due north straight towards us. She was coming at such a spanking rate that very soon we could see she was flying the Russian flag; and shortly after she passed round our stern, and we dipped our colours to each other as she did so. She then brought up, and stopped not far from us, while our captain hailed her in English, and asked if they would take some letters ashore for us. With difficulty, we understood their reply to be "Yes." When, however, in their turn, they asked us where we were bound for, and got the reply "Siberia," they seemed somewhat astonished, as well they might, for "Siberia" is vague. We then lowered a boat, and sent them our packet of letters; after which, bidding each other farewell by means of our fog-horns, we continued our way. We subsequently learnt from the mate, who had been in the boat, that it was a steamer which had been sent to Nova Zemla to try and discover a Russian ship which had been lost there some months back.

During the remainder of that day our course was again obscured by thick fog, which prevented us from sighting Kolguier Island in the afternoon as we had expected. When, however, we came on deck after tea, a curious incident occurred. Our ice-master, who had been intently looking through his glasses at something which had attracted his attention, suddenly declared that he saw land on the horizon behind us. We were all naturally somewhat startled at this intelligence, as we hardly expected to see it in so distant a quarter, for even had we passed Kolguier in the fog, at the rate we were going it could not possibly have been so far away from us in the time. But what land was it, then? for on looking through our glasses we certainly did see high mountains capped here and there with snow, their base lost in the surrounding mist. On consulting the chart we were not a bit the wiser, for it seemed as doubtful as ourselves. I give, as a proof, the following "caution," which is printed on the "Map of the Coast of Russia included between Cape Kanin and Waygatch Island" (Imray, 1883). "As the sea comprised within the limits of this chart is very imperfectly known, no survey of any portion of it having been made, it should be navigated with more than ordinary care. The geographical positions of headlands and islands are all, without exception, uncertain, and their general delineation is only approximately accurate." [This is from the map we were then consulting.] After a while, however, the mysterious land gradually disappeared in the distance; and, as we shortly after sighted the looked-for Kolguier Island ahead of us, there can be very little doubt that the mountains we thought we saw were part of what the sailors call "Cape Flyaway." It was a most realistic effect, and, even seen through powerful glasses, was exactly like land.

The sunset that evening was magnificent; in fact, I never remember seeing such glorious sky effects anywhere else as I have observed in these latitudes, the most wonderful part of them being their extraordinary stillness. For at least an hour I have frequently noticed masses of cumuli absolutely unchanged either in shape or position. The days were now beginning to get shorter again, although it was still broad daylight all night (if such an expression is English), the sun remaining below the horizon a few minutes longer every day. By the way, I believe we were fortunate in getting in the neighbourhood of the North Cape exactly on the last day in the year, when the sun is visible above the horizon at midnight. All of us were now anxiously looking forward to getting a glimpse of the coast of Siberia, and yet the weather was so warm and the sea so calm and blue that it was more like yachting in the Mediterranean than a voyage through the dreary Arctic regions; in fact, on Aug. 4, when we at length sighted the land, the sun was simply broiling. Lovely, however, as the day was, it seemed to have very little effect on the dreary-looking coast line, for a more dismal and uninviting country I never saw, flat and uninteresting right down to the very water's edge, and with a striking absence of any colour, except a dingy muddy brown. This, of course, is easily accounted for, as it is only for two or three short months that the ground is free from snow, and there is no vegetation in these regions. Captain Crowther, our ice-master, a veteran Arctic traveller, who was out with the Eira expedition in 1881-2, and is the only man on board who knows these parts, now assumed the command of the ship, and took up his position on the bridge. We were about to enter the Kara Sea by the Waygatch Straits, and it was uncertain as yet if the navigation was open, as this remote sea is never entirely free from ice. It was to be an exciting time for the next hour or so, for, if our passage through the Straits was blocked, we should have to return and try and get round by the coast of Nova Zemla, a much longer and still more doubtful route. Sailing as we were, on a summer sea and in the warm sunshine, one could hardly realise that, perhaps a mile or so ahead, we might find

our passage blocked by impenetrable ice; it seemed so utterly improbable as to be hardly worth the thought; but we did not know the Arctic regions yet. We soon reached the entrance to the Straits, which are formed by the Island of Waygatch on one side and Siberia on the other, and are only about one and a half mile across, passing so close to the shore that we could plainly distinguish the battered wreck of a small vessel lying on the beach near a primitive sort of wooden beacon, which seemed strangely out of place in so melancholy a spot. Some distance farther, on the Siberian side, we could see the small hamlet of Khabarova, consisting of about a dozen wooden huts or cottages clustered round a little church, with a few fishing coracles drawn up on the shingle in front, while a short distance away were several Polar bear skins hanging up to dry. It looked unutterably sad, this poor little outpost of humanity so far away from the busy world. One could not help wondering what inducement this dreary Arctic waste could possibly offer for anyone to wish to dwell in it. I hear, however, that a few Russian merchants live there, carrying on a sort of trade with the Samoyede natives in return for furs, walrus tusks, &c. Up till now we had been having real summer weather, with rippling waves sparkling in the brilliant sunshine. Suddenly the scene changed, and, with barely any warning, a drenching shower came down, and with it the wind veered round to the north-east, dark clouds obscured the sky, and as we entered the Kara Sea the effect was indescribably weird. It was like going from daylight into a horrid, uncanny sort of twilight. Behind us we could still see the lovely sunshine we had just left, while ahead the scene was Arctic in the extreme, and thoroughly realised my wildest expectations. All was cold and wretched, with a wintry sky overhead. Under the low cliffs which encircled the dreary shore one could see huge drifts of snow which the sunshine of the short Arctic summer had been powerless to disperse, while for miles round the sea simply bristled with drift ice in all sorts of uncouth shapes. I felt that it would require the pencil of a Doré or the pen of a Jules Verne to convey any adequate idea of the weird scene in all its desolate grandeur.

During the continuous fogs which frequently prevail in these high latitudes, when the sun is often totally obscured for days together, a ship's position can often only be obtained by means of what is called a "dead reckoning," consisting of a careful calculation by means of the log, showing the distance run during a certain number of hours, and the compass, and the several courses the ship has taken, which, worked out at a mean speed, gives an approximate result: this, however, remains to be verified at the first return of the sun, or on sighting some known landmark. In the Sketch, our Artist has endeavoured to show the difficulty temporarily experienced by the captain, on more than one occasion, during the voyage in those strange waters, on first sighting land, which did not accord with the position of the ship as indicated on the chart before him.

(To be continued.)

## RAMBLING SKETCHES IN PRAGUE.

We protest, at the outset, against such an uncharitable remark being made by any reader of this Journal as that a "Rambling Artist" is likely to be more of a "Bohemian" than any other class of persons. Nor are the people of Slavonic race, who still constitute a distinct nationality in one of the most important provinces of the Austrian Empire, formerly one of the recognised Sovereign Kingdoms of Europe, to be confounded with the wandering Oriental horde of gipsies, who were ignorantly called "Bohemians," in the Middle Ages, because they had traversed that country on the road to Western Germany and France. If any European nation is characterised by habits of settled domesticity, and loyalty to old-fashioned ways and manners, it is the "Czechs," as they properly call themselves, numbering about five millions, dwelling mainly in Bohemia and Moravia, with a detached fragment, the Slovaks, in the north-west corner of Hungary. They inherit an ancient and refined civilisation, much talent for art and science, for poetry and music, a noble language and literature, older than that of any Western nation, an independent history which was glorious and prosperous till they were crushed by the Thirty Years' War, two centuries and a half ago. Bohemia was indeed the birthplace of Protestantism, long before the time of Martin Luther; and the names of John Huss and Jerome of Prague shine as morning stars, before the dawn of clear daylight, precursors of the religious Reformation.

"The beautiful city of Prague"—to quote a lively allegorical ditty, which humorously plays on the conventional double meaning of "Bohemia," just now remarked—is really a grand old town, third in magnitude among cities of the Austrian Empire, with over 160,000 inhabitants, enriched by flourishing trades and manufacturing industries, chiefly carried on by the Germans. Its situation is beautiful, on fair hills rising from the banks of the Moldau, a large river with many affluents, which is the main southern tributary of the Elbe. Tier above tier of good buildings, with turrets and church spires, rise on the slopes of the hills; to the left of the stream are the Hradschin, with its stately Royal palaces, and the Kleinseite, with the Government offices and aristocratic mansions; to the right, the Altstadt, or Old Town, the Neustadt, and the Josefstadt. These quarters are connected by seven bridges, one of which, lately much damaged by the floods of the Moldau, is the curious and famous Karlsbrücke, a structure of the fourteenth century, 1596 ft. long, built on sixteen arches, with a tower at each end and with twenty-eight stone statues. Among them is that of St. John Nepomuk, Bishop and patron saint of Prague, who was here martyred, in 1383, being drowned in the river by order of King Wenzel. Two fine suspension bridges also cross the river, the banks of which are partly occupied by noble quays and promenades; and there are public gardens on the islands of Schützen and Sophia, and in the suburbs. The Rathhaus, or Townhall, with its great clock-tower, the Cathedral and other churches, containing monuments of the Kings of Bohemia—the Teynkirche holds the tomb of the astronomer Tycho Brahe—the Imperial Palace, the Czernin Palace, now used as barracks, the Fürstenberg, Schwarzenberg, Nostitz, and Wallenstein palaces, the Abbey of Strahow, the University and Museum, are worthy of visitors' inspection. Valuable collections of art and antiquities, great libraries, scientific and literary institutions, theatres and opera-houses, are found in the Bohemian capital, the society of which, however, is said to be unhappily divided by national jealousies between the Czechs and the Germans. Bohemia, though represented by ninety-two deputies in the Reichsrath of the Austrian Empire, has long demanded Home Rule beyond what is afforded by its Provincial Diet; but it is a difficult political problem to solve.

The council of St. Aidan's Theological College, Birkenhead, have appointed the Rev. E. Elmer Harding, M.A., vice-principal of Lichfield Theological College, principal of St. Aidan's, in succession to Dr. Saumarez Smith, now Primate of Australia.





1. The Pulverturm. 2. The Jewish Graveyard. 3. Old Council Chamber in the Palace. 4. The Karlsbrücke. 5. The Fruit Market. 6. The Týn Church.

RAMBLING SKETCHES IN PRAGUE.



J. E. Redmond.

J. Tully.

Dr. C. K. D. Tanner.

D. Sheehy.

J. O'Kelly.

T. Sexton.

R. Power.

Justin McCarthy. T. Quinn.

E. V. K. O'Brien. Daniel Gifford.



Col. J. P. Nolan.

Donal Sullivan.

Dr. J. E. Kenny.

E. Harrington.

A. O'Connor.

H. Campbell.

C. S. Parnell.

Dr. A. Connolly. Sir T. H. G. Esmonde, Bart.

RE-ELECTION OF MR. PARNELL AS LEADER OF THE IRISH PARTY, NOV. 25, IN COMMITTEE ROOM No. 13, HOUSE OF COMMONS



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The will (dated June 6, 1890) of Mr. Edward Chambers Nicholson, late of Carlton House, Herne Hill, who died on Oct. 23, was proved on Nov. 25 by Mrs. Louisa Nicholson, the widow, Edward John Stephens, and Frederick William Nicholson, and Edward Frank Hamaton Nicholson, the nephews, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £146,000. The testator bequeaths £33,000, and all his plate, jewellery, books, pictures, furniture, works of art, horses, carriages, wines, and other effects at his residence, or the outbuildings and grounds, to his wife, and he gives her the option of residing at Carlton House; £1000 to his old friend Sir Frederick Augustus Abel, C.B.; £250 each to his solicitor, Edward Chester, and to Benjamin Humphries Van Tromp; and legacies to servants. He also bequeaths four sums of £3000, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then for her nieces, Lucy Anne Scott, Eliza Scott, Alice Fastnedge Scott, and Annie Scott. The residue of his estate he leaves, upon trust, to pay £3500 per annum to his wife, for life; at her death he gives £1000 to each of his half-sisters, Mary Ann Nicholson and Ann Adams Nicholson; £10,000 each to his nephews Robert Nicholson and Frederick William Nicholson, the sons of his late brother William; £1000 to his niece, Louisa Warmington; £12,000 each to his nephews Robert Harry Nicholson and Edward Frank Hamaton Nicholson, the sons of his late brother Robert; £2000 to each of the four other children of his said brother Robert; and the ultimate residue to his said nephew Frederick William Nicholson.

The Scotch Confirmation under seal of the Commissariat of the County of Forfar, of the trust disposition and settlement (executed Oct. 3, 1880), with a codicil (executed Feb. 22, 1889), of the Right Hon. William Edward Baxter, P.C., M.P. for the Montrose Burghs from 1855 to 1885, late of Kincaldrum, in the county of Forfar, who died on Aug. 10 last, granted to Edward Armistead Baxter and George Washington Baxter, the sons, and Edward Francis Maitland, the son-in-law, the executors-nominate, was resealed in London on Nov. 24, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to upwards of £128,000.

The will (dated April 7, 1885), with a codicil (dated June 1886), of Miss Mary Cooper, late of Oakfield Lawn, Reigate, who died on Oct. 23, was proved on Nov. 24, by William Cooper and the Rev. Henry Richard Cooper Smith, the nephews, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £43,000. The testatrix bequeaths numerous legacies to relatives and others, and gives the residue of her property to her sister, Miss Ann Cooper.

The will (dated June 14, 1884), with three codicils (dated March 26, 1888; Feb. 2 and March 8, 1889), of the Rev. Henry Samuel Eyre, late of 35, Finchley-road, who died on July 26 last, was proved on Nov. 14 by Henry Samuel Eyre and Walpole Edwin Eyre, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £32,000. There are various legacies and bequests, and the residue of his personal estate the testator leaves between all his children; the children of his late son Frederick John to take their parent's share. He directs the St. John's Wood estate to be divided, so that four parts shall be allotted to each of his sons, Henry Samuel and Walpole Edwin; three parts, upon trust, for each of his daughters; and three parts, upon trust, for the widow and children of his said late son. Provision is made, in the event of any of his daughters dying, for an annuity being paid to any husband she may leave surviving.

The will (dated June 28, 1878), with a codicil (dated June 14, 1890), of Mr. Benjamin Joseph Forder, late of Petersfield, in the county of Southampton, retired lime-merchant, who died on Oct. 14, was proved on Nov. 15 by Benjamin John Harfield Forder, the son, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £28,000. The testator bequeaths his household furniture and effects, horse and carriage, £100, and an annuity of £700 during widowhood, to his wife, Mrs. Jane Forder; and an annuity of £50 to his mother, Mrs. Sarah Forder. All his freehold and leasehold estates and the residue of his personal estate he gives to his said son.

The will (dated Sept. 3, 1879), with four codicils (dated Jan. 1, 1880; Dec. 5, 1881; May 31, 1884; and May 23, 1888), of Mr. Lee Steere, J.P., D.L., M.P. West Surrey 1870-80, late of Jayes, in the parish of Wootton, Surrey, who died on Oct. 9, was proved on Nov. 24 by Lee Steere Steere, the son, Frederick Thomas Rushton, and Henry Lee Steere, the son, the acting executors, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom exceeding £18,000. The testator bequeaths £100 to Oakley School (Oakley-green); £300 and certain plate and effects to his wife, Mrs. Ann Steere, and he also leaves her certain furniture and effects, for life; and there are legacies to sons, grandchildren, sister, huntsman, groom, gardener, and other servants; and the residue of his personal estate, including four shares in the Carron Company (subject to a liability to make up certain sums for his younger sons under settlement), to his eldest son, Lee Steere Steere. The Punch-Bowl estate he leaves to his wife, for life, and then upon the trusts of the marriage settlement of his eldest son. Rasper House Farm is directed to be sold, and the net proceeds divided between his sons Augustus Frederick and Charles William. The residue of his real estate he leaves upon trusts of the said marriage settlement of his eldest son. Provision has been made for his younger sons under settlements, and the testator exercises his power of appointment in their favour.

The will (dated April 11, 1889) of Mr. James Forbes, late of Chertsey Bridge House, Chertsey, who died on July 17 last, was proved on Nov. 17 by James Elliot Cunningham, Richard Plews, and William Thomas Dippie, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £17,000. The testator bequeaths to the trustees or other the governing body of the National History Department of the South Kensington Museum his collection of stuffed birds and stuffed fishes, on condition that a room suitable for the purpose to the satisfaction of his executors be set apart for their reception, that the said collection shall always be kept therein, and at all times open to the public, and that it be known or distinguished by his name. There are numerous legacies to relatives, friends, employés of the firm of Forbes, Cunningham, and Co., and others. As to the residue of his real and personal estate, he leaves one half, upon trust, for his niece, Agnes Kensit Style, for life, and then for her children, and one half, upon trust, for his sister, Mary Menzies Forbes, for life, and then for the children of the said James Elliot Cunningham.

The will (dated July 26, 1883) of Mr. Thomas Welsh, late of Ilfracombe, Devon, who died on Aug. 23 last, was proved on Nov. 10 by the Rev. Ebenezer Joseph Welsh and William Clement, the nephews, and Edwin Weller, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £14,000. The testator bequeaths his household furniture and effects and the cash in the house to his wife, Mrs. Emma Welsh; and legacies to his executors. All his real estate, and the residue of his personal estate, he leaves upon trust for his wife, for life; then, as to two eightieths, for his nieces Catherine and Annie Latham; four eightieths for his brother James, for

life, and then for his four children; five eightieths for his brother George, for life, and then for his five children; two eightieths for his brother Ebenezer, for life, and then for his two children; and five eightieths for his brother Henry, for life, and then for his five children.

The will of Lieutenant-General Gerald Littlehales Goodlake, V.C., formerly of the Coldstream Guards, late of Denham Fishery, near Uxbridge, who died on April 5 last, was proved on Nov. 21 by Mrs. Margaret Jane Goodlake, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to £1857.

## THE CHIN-LUSHAI EXPEDITION.

It has again been found necessary, in the season for military operations this year, to send a small force up the highlands above Chittagong, east of the head gulf of the Bay of Bengal, to repress hostile demeanour on the part of some of the Lushai tribes in that region of mountain and forest. But little fighting is now to be expected; and on Nov. 6 the advanced British Indian force, under Captain Shakespear and Mr. Pughe, reached Jadunas Village, thirty-four miles west of Fort White. They passed through a beautiful country, and found the people friendly. The chief admitted that he had intended raiding the villages on the banks of the Tyao River, but being told it was British territory he promised to abstain from doing so. The situation of these tribes in 1889 was very different: they were then allied with the marauding Chins of the Burmese north-western frontier, and the method adopted for the subjugation of both enemies simultaneously was by two separate columns of troops; one ascending the rivers from Chittagong through the Lushai country, the other, in Upper Burmah, advancing westward to meet it from the districts which had been molested by the hostile Chin tribes, so as to effect a junction, forming a line of military posts or forts guarding the whole length of road. We published, at that time, a number of sketches received from several officers serving with both those forces in the combined Chin-Lushai Expedition; but the interest belonging to those movements is somewhat revived by the recent minor operations on the Lushai side of that mountainous forest-covered region, which has a general similarity of aspect, with some affinity of the native races. This is a reason for now producing additional illustrations of the movements of the British Indian force in the winter months of 1889 and the early part of 1890, being a set of photographs taken by Captain E. Montagu, of the 1st Suffolk Regiment, now stationed at Jhansi, in Central India, and sketches by another correspondent. One of the former represents the very place on the river Dhalishwar where Lieutenant Swinton was recently killed; another is



SKETCHES OF THE CHIN-LUSHAI EXPEDITION: A DHALISHWAR WAR-BOAT.

pleasingly varied. The "Intermezzo" is light and fanciful, and somewhat in dance style. The last-named piece is an effective "Caprice Pastoral," in which the rustic style prevails. The pieces are free from difficulty, and may be used for teaching.

"Ever faithful, ever true" is a song by F. Boscovitz (published by Mr. Alfred Hays). The composer is known as a skilful pianist, and as having produced some important works of large design. This song is in the sentimental style, and is flowing and eminently vocal in its melody.

"Afterward," by Frances Allitson (published by Phillips and Page), is an effective song, in which some sentimental lines are very expressively set; the alternation of the minor and major modes being well contrasted. "Dormientes" (from the same publishers) is a song of a serious character, by J. Blumenthal, whose name is a guarantee for effective vocal melody such as is here supplied.

"Five Popular English Songs" by F. P. Tosti are issued by Messrs. Ricordi. The words are by Violet Fane, F. E. Weatherly, Clement Scott, and Tennyson. The titles are, respectively, "For ever and for ever," "That day," "Let it be soon," "Ask me no more," and "Help me to pray." All have that suave melodic character which distinguishes the numerous vocal compositions of Signor Tosti. The last song of the series is in a deeper tone than the others, and may be made very impressive by a singer possessed of a sympathetic voice and an earnest style. From the same composer and publishers we have a set of twelve vocal melodies, some with Italian, some with French words, the general title of the series being "Altre Pagine d'Album." All the songs are pleasing in their respective melodies, and, although presenting no technical difficulties to the singer, they are free from monotony. "Six Romances," for

the pianoforte, by C. Abanesi, are also issued by Messrs. Ricordi. They are in the form of "songs without words," some being in the sentimental style, others of a brighter kind. They are all pleasingly melodious, and well written for the instrument.

Herr Meyer Lutz's lively music to the Gaiety Burlesque "Carmen up to Date" has been published by Messrs. Ascherberg and Co., in vocal score, with pianoforte accompaniment.

The Board of Trade have awarded a binocular glass to Mr. P. Nordfeldt, master of the Swedish ship Hawkesbury, of Helsingborg, in recognition of his kindness and humanity to the shipwrecked crew of the barque Mary of Montrose, whom he picked up at sea on Nov. 14.

At the annual meeting, on Nov. 28, at the Mansion House, of the Council of the Hospital Sunday Fund, it was reported that the amount collected this year exceeded £42,000, and was nearly a thousand pounds beyond the receipts of former years. The collections in the places of worship were £3000 more than last year. There had been distributed among 113 hospitals and fifty-six dispensaries £39,101; and £2140 had been set apart for the purchase of surgical appliances.

Mr. C. S. Croosman, scholar of New College, Oxford, has been awarded the Hertford Scholarship. Proxime accessit, Mr. F. A. Hirtzel, scholar of Trinity, and Mr. C. Bailey, scholar of Balliol. Honourably mentioned—Mr. L. A. Phillips, scholar of Trinity; Mr. F. Fletcher, scholar of Balliol; Mr. N. T. B. Osborn, scholar of St. John's; and Mr. Sidney Cornwallis Peel, scholar of New College. The scholarship was founded for the promotion of the study of Latin.—Mr. Henry Price, of Llandovery College, has been recommended for election to a mathematical scholarship at Brasenose College. Mr. Frederick George Benskin, of Huddersfield, has been elected to a mathematical scholarship at Christ Church.



SKETCHES OF THE CHIN-LUSHAI EXPEDITION: THE LAST MAN GOING DOWN TO KOLNACHENNA.

that of Fort Aijal, and there is one of the Changsil stockade, which are two posts established by the expedition a twelve-month ago. These were left with a garrison of Assam Frontier Police under Lieutenant Cole, but have again lately been attacked by the Lushais of Leinpunga's tribe, when Captain Browne was killed on the road between the two forts. The village of that hostile chief, Leinpunga, who has already been chastised for the outrage, is shown in another of these views, and our illustrations further comprise one of the Lushai prisoners, with his long gun and bamboo pipe; and a group of the Assam Frontier Police, under command of Lieutenant Brodrick. These men from Assam have proved very useful, being wiry little fellows, plucky and persevering, able to travel long distances carrying a heavy kit on their backs. What is called a road in that country is a mere track cut through the dense forest of bamboo and other thick vegetation.

The thirty-sixth annual meeting of the friends of the Royal Hospital for Incurables was held, on Nov. 28, at the Cannon-street Hotel, the treasurer, Mr. J. D. Allcroft, presiding. The report stated that the annual income from ordinary sources had been fully maintained, while the legacies were exceptionally large, owing to the receipt of a third payment of £13,000 under the will of the late Mr. John Chapman; £8000 had been invested in the year, and £6000 placed on deposit; and under these circumstances the Board had raised the number to be elected that day from thirty to thirty-five. There were 231 inmates and 585 pensioners, making the total of beneficiaries 768. The annual sale in June last yielded £522. The experiment of a seaside house at St. Leonards had abundantly justified the Board's expectations. A pamphlet relating to the hospital, from the pen of Mrs. Oliphant, after she had paid several visits, had produced £1141, including £178 in annual subscriptions.





LUSHAIS ATTACKING REINFORCEMENTS ON THE RIVER DHALISHWAR, WHERE LIEUTENANT SWINTON WAS KILLED.



CAPTURE OF LALSHIMA'S VILLAGE BY THE CACHAR MILITARY POLICE UNDER LIEUTENANT COLE.

SKETCHES OF THE CHIN-LUSHAI EXPEDITION.





1. The Changsil Stockade. 2. Fort Aljal. 3. A Lushai Prisoner. 4. Assam Frontier Police. 5. Leinpunga's Village. 6. Group of Lushai.

SKETCHES OF THE CHIN-LUSHAI EXPEDITION.



I notice that an ingenious suggestion has lately been made regarding the use of the colours which render many fungi resplendent. Some fungi are phosphorescent in the dark, and others give off very decided scents and odours. These characters, in the case of flowers, would present a relation to the visits of insects for fertilising purposes. In the case of the fungi, it is suggested that the colours and scents render them attractive to sheep, horses, oxen, and other animals; and these devour the fungi, which thus pass the early stages of their development within animal bodies. This view of matters, it is seen, brings the fungi within the range of those plants which owe their spread to the aid of the animal hosts. ANDREW WILSON.



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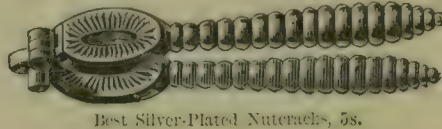


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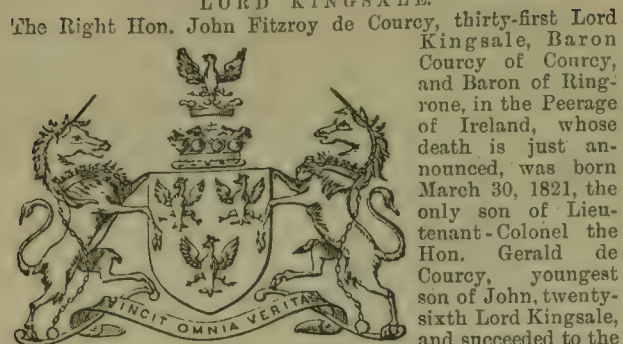
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## OBITUARY.

## LORD KINGSALE.



The Right Hon. John Fitzroy de Courcy, thirty-first Lord Kingsale, Baron Courcy of Courcy, and Baron of Ringrone, in the Peerage of Ireland, whose death is just announced, was born March 30, 1821, the only son of Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. Gerald de Courcy, youngest son of John, twenty-sixth Lord Kingsale, and succeeded to the honours at the death of his cousin, Michael Conrad, thirtieth Lord, on April 15, 1874. He married, May 10, 1864, Elia Elizabeth, widow of M. Du Bosque de Beaumont of Airel, and daughter of C. des François de Ponchalon, Knight of the Legion of Honour, but had no issue. The nobleman whose death we record was formerly a Lieutenant in the 47th Regiment, and served as Major in the Turkish Contingent in the Crimea, for which he received the Medjidieh of the fourth class. He was afterwards Colonel in the United States Federal Army. The Lords Kingsale enjoy the hereditary privilege of appearing covered in the Royal presence—a privilege granted by King John to Sir John de Courcy, Earl of Ulster. Hundreds of years after, when the twenty-third Lord wore his hat before King William III., his Majesty expressed surprise. "Sire," replied the Baron, "my name is De Courcy. I am Lord of Kingsale, in your Majesty's kingdom of Ireland; and the reason of my appearing covered in your Majesty's presence is to assert the ancient privilege of my family granted to Sir John de Courcy, Earl of Ulster, and his heirs, by John, King of England." The King acknowledged the privilege, and gave the Baron his hand to kiss. The present inheritor of this curious right is Michael William de Courcy of Stokeston, Cornwall, J.P. and D.L., now thirty-second Lord Kingsale, cousin of the deceased Peer. He was born in 1822, and has been twice married.

## SIR FRANCIS COLVILLE FORD, BART.

Sir Francis Colville Ford, Bart., of Ember Court, Surrey, died in London on Nov. 16, aged forty. He was born June 11, 1850, the son of Sir Francis John Ford, the third Baronet, by Cornelia Maria, his wife, daughter of General Sir Ralph Darling, G.C.B., and was grandson of Sir Francis Ford of Ember Court, M.P., on whom the baronetcy was conferred in 1793. Sir Francis Colville Ford, whose death we record, married, March 25, 1873, his cousin Frances Colville, eldest daughter of Mr. William Ford, C.S.I., and leaves issue two sons (twins) and three daughters. The elder of the former, now Sir Francis Charles Rupert Ford, fifth Baronet, was born April 5, 1877.

## MR. JUSTICE LITTON.

Edward Falconer Litton, M.A., Judge of the Land Appeal Court in Ireland, died at his residence, Ardavilling, in the county of Cork, on Nov. 26, after a lingering illness. He

was born in December 1827, the only son of the late Mr. Daniel Litton, by Jane, his wife, daughter of Mr. Falconer Minchin of Annagh, in the county of Tipperary, and was nephew of the Right Hon. Edward Litton, Master in Chancery, and many years M.P. for Coleraine. The Irish Littons claim to be a branch of the Lyttons of Knebworth. The deceased Judge was called to the Bar in 1849, made Q.C. in 1874, and sat as M.P. for the county of Tyrone from 1880 to 1881. In the last-named year he was appointed a Land Commissioner, and, on the recent retirement of Mr. Justice O'Hagan, became Judge of the Land Appeal Court. He was four times married, and leaves issue by each wife.

## SIR A. RIVERS THOMPSON, K.C.S.I., C.I.E.

Sir Augustus Rivers Thompson, K.C.S.I., C.I.E., a distinguished Indian civilian, died at Gibraltar on Nov. 27. He was born in 1829, the son of Mr. George Powne Thompson of Penton Lodge, Hants, entered the Bengal Civil Service in 1850, was Chief Commissioner of British Burmah 1875, a member of Council 1878 to 1882, and Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal 1882 to 1887. He married, in 1859, Georgina, daughter of Mr. Edward Currie of Pickford, Sussex.

## SIR WILLIAM CARROLL.

Sir William Carroll, Kt., M.D., J.P., twice Lord Mayor of Dublin, died on Nov. 26, at his residence in Fitzwilliam-street. This respected citizen, a Governor of the Coombe Hospital and a member of the Glasnevin Cemetery Committee, was the sixth son of the late Mr. Michael Carroll of Nenagh, in the county of Tipperary, was born in 1819, and was long connected with the Corporation of the City of Dublin, of which he filled the civic chair in 1868 and 1869. In the former year he received Knighthood from the Queen at Windsor Castle. Sir William married, in 1843, Margaret, daughter of Mr. John Pearson of Ballinteer.

## WILLIAM BELL SCOTT, LL.D.

William Bell Scott, LL.D., H.R.S.A., died at Penkill Castle, Ayrshire, on Nov. 22, in his eightieth year, eminent as a poet, painter, etcher, and man of letters. He was son of Mr. Robert Scott, the engraver.

We have also to record the deaths of—

The Rev. James Stephen Hodson, formerly Rector of the Edinburgh Academy, and for a short time Head Master of Bradford College, Berks, and lastly Rector of Saundereast.

Mr. George Bell, of York-street, Covent-garden, publisher of the popular "Bibliotheca Classica," the partner successively of Whittaker and Co., Daldy and Deighton, on Nov. 27, aged seventy-six.

Captain Ralph Smyth of Gaybrook, Westmeath, J.P. and D.L., High Sheriff 1879, formerly 17th Regiment. He was born in 1831, and married, in 1851, the Hon. Selina Somerville, daughter of the seventeenth Lord Somerville.

Mr. Onley Savill-Onley of Stisted Hall, Essex, J.P. and D.L., High Sheriff 1849, recently, in his ninety-sixth year. He was the son of Mr. Charles Harvey, at one time M.P. for Norwich, who changed his name to Onley on inheriting Stisted.

Mrs. Mary Anne Wildman, widow of Mr. James Beckford Wildman of Chilham Castle, Kent, and eldest daughter of the Right Hon. Stephen Rumbold Lushington of Norton Court, in the same county, on Nov. 24, in Cumberland-terrace, Regent's Park, aged ninety.

Mr. John Bayly of Debsborough, in the county of Tipperary, J.P. and D.L., on Nov. 8, aged fifty-nine. He was only son of the

late Mr. John Bayly of Debsborough, by Catherine, his first wife, youngest daughter of Mr. Thomas Yates of Bury, first cousin of Sir Robert Peel, Bart.

The Hon. Thomas Charles Bruce, barrister-at-law, for many years M.P. for Portsmouth, on Nov. 23, aged sixty-five. He was uncle to the present Earl of Elgin; was married, in 1863, to Sarah Caroline, sister of Sir Thomas Thornhill, Bart.; and leaves two sons and two daughters.

The Hon. James Drummond, Master of Elphinstone, Lieutenant 3rd Battalion Gordon Highlanders, eldest son of the present Lord Elphinstone, by Constance Euphemia Woronzow, his wife, daughter of the sixth Earl of Dunmore, at Pall Mall, South Africa, on Nov. 9, in his twenty-sixth year.

Mr. William Clement Cazalet, J.P., of Grenehurst, Dorking, Surrey, at his residence, on Nov. 17, aged sixty-six. He married, in 1856, Emmeline Agnes, daughter of Colonel Fawcett, and leaves issue. He was an ardent and thoughtful agriculturist, and devoted himself to the improvement of his estate and its surroundings.

Mr. Thomas Marriott Dodington, M.A., J.P., of Horsington House, Somerset, on Nov. 17, at his seat near Wincanton. He was born 1839, educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, and called to the Bar at the Middle Temple. He married, in 1865, Lucy, daughter of the Rev. G. E. Downe, Rector of Rusden, and leaves issue.

Mr. Robert Keating Prendergast, J.P., of Ardfinan Castle, in the county of Tipperary, son of the late Mr. Robert Prendergast of Marl Hill and Ardfinan, by Ann, his wife, daughter of Mr. Robert Keating of Cahir, on Nov. 25, aged seventy-eight. He was formerly Surgeon-General of her Majesty's forces.

Lieutenant-Colonel Willoughby Sandilands Rooke, J.P., of Bigswear House, Gloucestershire, late Scots Fusilier Guards, on Nov. 14, aged fifty-three. He was only son of Captain George C. Rooke of Bigswear, and grandson of Major-General Sir Henry W. Rooke of Pilstone, Monmouthshire. He married, in 1864, Constance Lawson, daughter of Mr. Henry Adams, and had issue.

Mr. George Harris, LL.D., F.S.A., barrister-at-law, on Nov. 15, at his residence, Iselipps Manor, Northolt, aged eighty-one. He was author of the "Life of Lord Chancellor Hardwicke," of "Civilisation Considered as a Science," "The Theory of the Arts," &c. He was a member of the British Association, one of the Vice-Presidents of the Royal Historical Society, and a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries.

Mr. Gartside Gartside-Tipping of Rossferry, in the county of Fermanagh, and Little Bolton, in the county of Lancaster, eldest son of the late Mr. Thomas Tipping, lord of the manor of Bolton, by Anna, his wife, daughter of Mr. Robert Hibbert of Birtles, on Nov. 21, at Lanesborough Lodge, Belturbet, in his eightieth year. He married, in 1844, Jane Margaret, eldest daughter of Mr. Robert Fowler of Rahinston, Meath, and leaves issue.

General Thomas Addison, C.B., late of "The Queen's," on Nov. 17, aged seventy-one. He entered the Army in 1837, and attained the rank of General in 1881. His services in Afghanistan and Beloochistan gained a medal. He went through the Mahratta campaign, was wounded, and mentioned in despatches, and was also in the Kaffir War, wherein he was severely wounded. In 1857 he served on special service at the Cape of Good Hope, and received medal, with two clasps, for North China campaign. The Companionship of the Bath was conferred on him in 1861.

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Court Journal.

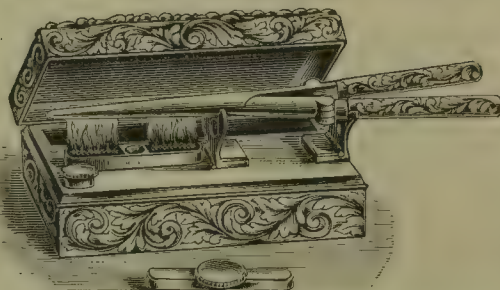


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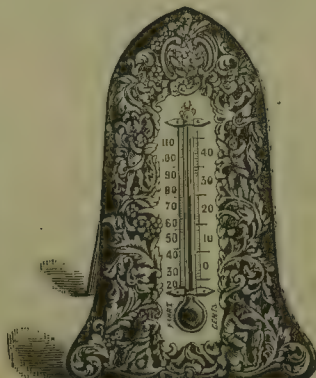


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characteristic point of new fashion—long sleeves with a low neck, cut out V-shape. The material is velvet of a rich royal blue shade, trimmed with silver and turquoise jewelled passementerie, which passes round the bottom of the skirt in three rows, and is carried a little way up the front and finished off in a peaked twist. Below the waist, over the hips, is a wider jewelled girdle, or rather shaped band. The next dress is equally striking and fashionable. It is of heliotrope cashmere, with the sleeves and yoke braided in a complicated device, not, however, with ordinary braid, but with inch-wide black velvet ribbon. Mrs. Lancaster-Wallis looks very charming and girlish in both these handsome gowns.

In cold weather, such as now appears to have set in, it is of the first consequence to keep the wrists and hands warm. This has a really remarkable influence on the temperature of the whole body. Conversely, in hot weather, the entire frame may be cooled by holding the hands and wrists for several minutes in a deep basin of cold water. The present mantles are not very well adapted for keeping the wrists warm. The prevailing shape in long cloaks is still the Russian, with its loose straight front falling over a fitting front. In this there are no sleeves, and the top part is very apt to blow back and leave the arm exposed now and again. Then, in short mantles, the dolman sleeve is quite loose, in order to go over, without crushing, that of the dress, which is always a little high on the shoulder and generally full at the top at least. Close-fitting jackets, of course, have sleeves fairly tight at the wrist, but jackets are very unbecoming to married ladies who are at all stout; and especially so are the new three-quarter length ones. How, then, are we to keep our wrists warm? A muff hardly meets the difficulty, as it leaves the wrists and

lower part of the arms still unprotected. However, some fine long gauntlet gloves have been introduced, which women subject to feel cold should certainly patronise. Some are of kid entirely, the wrist indicated by gathers run with elastic, and the top going halfway up the arm. Others have fur tops that reach right to the elbows. Both of these sorts, however, are lined, and ladies who are too proud of their pretty little hands to consent to wear gloves of that variety can get fur gauntlets separate from gloves. These cuffs close around the wrist with a spring, and are worn with advantage above ordinary kid or chevrete gloves.

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The preachers at Westminster Abbey during Advent and December are as follows: Second Sunday in Advent, Dec. 7, at 10, the Rev. Professor Bonney (offertory for the poor of Westminster); at 3, Canon Rowsell; at 7, the Rev. B. G. Hoskyns, Vicar of St. Denys, Southampton. Third Sunday in Advent, Dec. 14, at 10, the Rev. H. Aldrich Cotton, Minor Canon (offertory for Choir Benevolent Fund); at 3, Canon Rowsell; at 7, the Rev. G. A. M. How, Vicar of Bromley, Middlesex. Fourth Sunday in Advent and St. Thomas, Dec. 21, at 10, the Rev. W. H. Heard, Principal of Fettes College, N.B. (offertory for poor of Westminster); at 3, Canon Rowsell; at 7, the Rev. W. M. Carter, of the Eton Mission, Hackney Wick. Christmas Day, Dec. 25, at 10, the Dean (offertory for Westminster Female Refuge); at 3, evening prayer and carols. St. John's Day and Innocents Eve, Saturday, Dec. 27, sermon to children; at 3, the Dean (collection for Destitute Children's Dinners Society). First Sunday after Christmas and Innocents' Day, Dec. 28, at 10, the Rev. Louis H. Bradford, Vicar of St. Matthew's, Upper Clapton (offertory for the Church of

England Waifs and Strays Society); at 3, Canon Rowsell. From Christmas Eve to New Year's Day one or more carols will be sung in or at the close of afternoon service. On Saturday afternoons in Advent addresses will be given after the three-o'clock services, as under: Saturday, Dec. 6, the Rev. Bishop of Minnesota, U.S.A., on "Missions in America"; Saturday, Dec. 13, the Right Rev. Bishop Barry, on "The Church in Australia, past and present"; Saturday, Dec. 20, the Rev. Dr. Marks, of Rangoon, on "Mission Work in Burma"; and on Monday, Dec. 29, the Ven. Chauncey Maples, Archdeacon of Nyasa, on "The Work of the Universities' Mission on Lake Nyasa."

The anniversary meeting of the Royal Society was held on Dec. 1, in their apartments at Burlington House. Sir Gabriel Stokes, the president, having delivered the anniversary address, the medals were presented as follows: The Copley medal to Professor Simon Newcomb, for his contributions to gravitational astronomy; the Rumford medal to Professor Heinrich Hertz, for his work in electro-magnetic radiation; a Royal medal to Professor Ferrier, for his researches on the localisation of cerebral functions; a Royal medal to Dr. J. Hopkinson, for his researches in magnetism and electricity; the Davy medal to Professor Emil Fischer, for his discoveries in organic chemistry; and the first Darwin medal to Mr. A. R. Wallace, for his independent origination of the theory of the origin of species by natural selection. The society next proceeded to elect the officers and council for 1891. Sir William Thomson, D.C.L., LL.D., was chosen president, in succession to Sir G. Stokes. In the evening Sir W. Thomson took the chair, as president, at the dinner of the society at the Hôtel Métropole.

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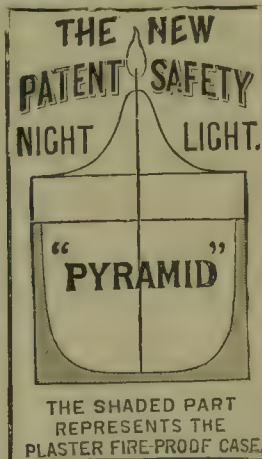
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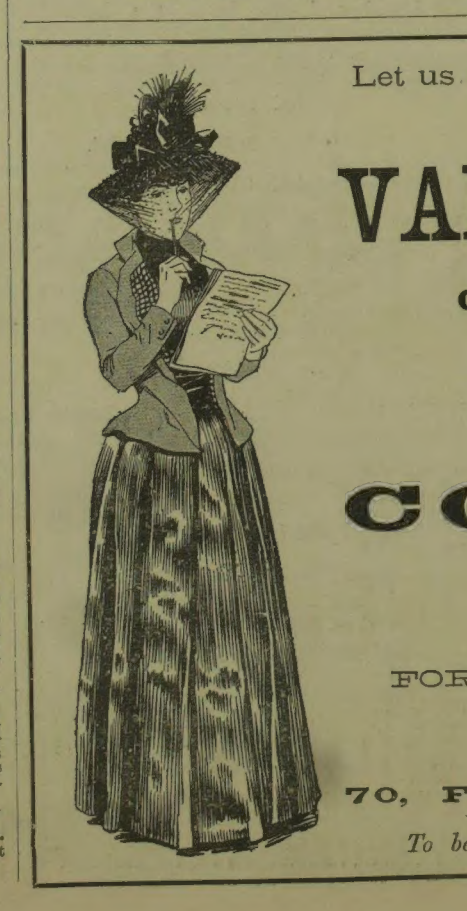
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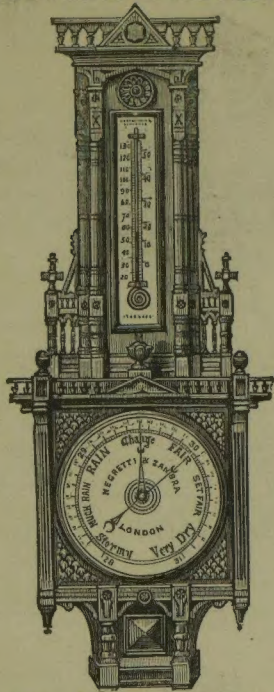
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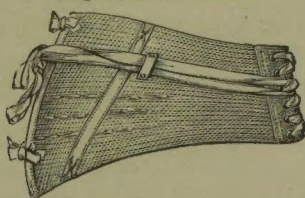


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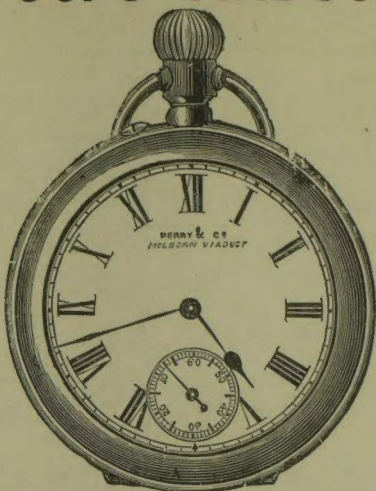
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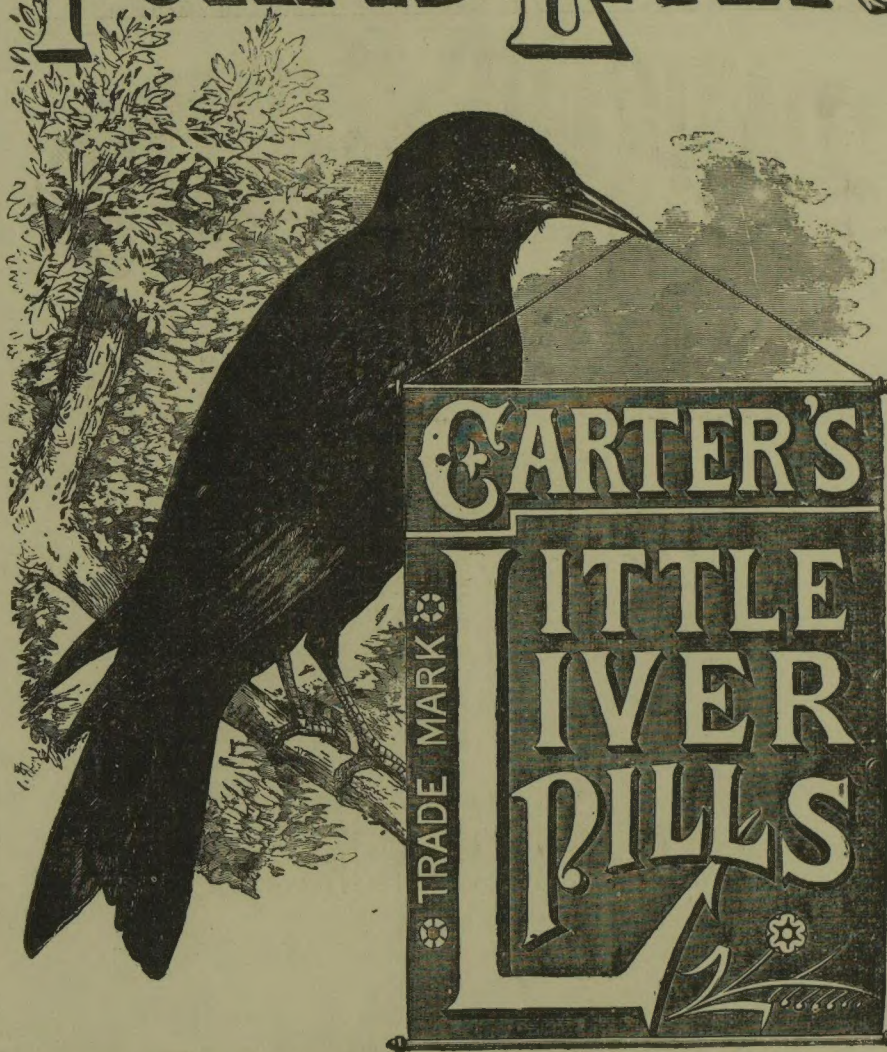
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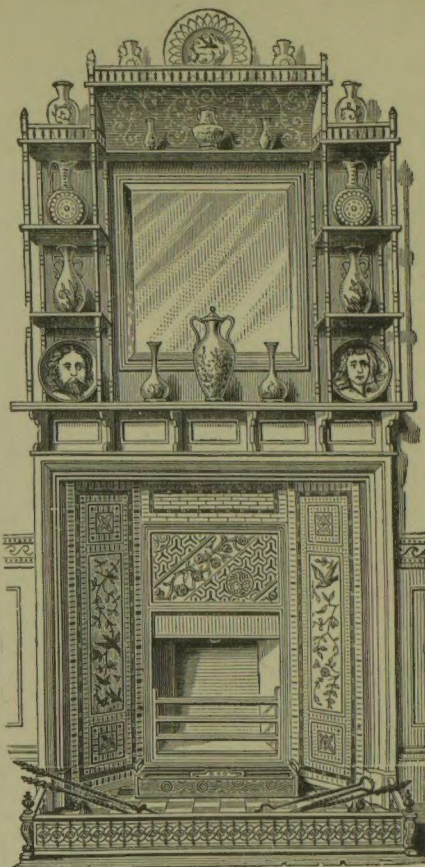
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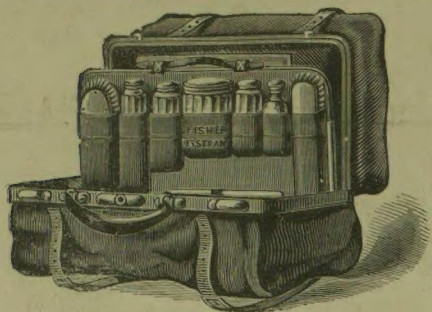
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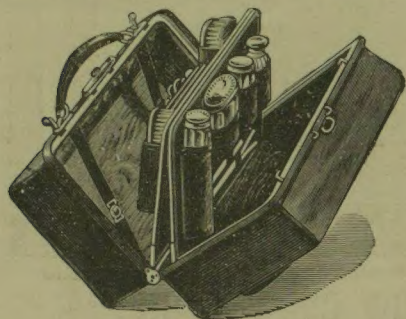
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